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SINGULAR INSTANCE OF INVOLUNTARY DANCING.

From Ackerman's Repository.

IN the seventh volume of the Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, there is a communication by Mr. K. Wood, surgeon, respecting a malady of so peculiar a nature, that a short abstract of its symptoms may be as interesting to the common as to the medical reader. It is considered as a very peculiar form of the *Chorea Sancti*, or St. Vitus's dance. It appears to me that it may more properly be considered as a form of *tarantism*, or of that peculiar disease supposed to be occasioned by the bite of the tarantula. To the same class probably belongs the louping (leaping) disease, to which the inhabitants of the country of Forfar are liable.

Alice Whitworth, a married woman, aged twenty-two, residing near Oldham, on the 21st of February, 1815, consulted Mr. Wood on a case of severe pains shooting through the right side of her head. She was relieved by an opiate lintment; but on the 24th was affected by a violent agitation of the muscles, which was succeeded by involuntary motions of the right leg and arm, accompanied by beating with her feet. These movements continued for three hours, after which she became easier. On the 25th the affection returned, and continued through the day for two hours at a time, with intervals of an hour. On the 25th the symptoms became

more violent; she flew into every corner of the room, striking violently with her hand the furniture and doors, the sound of which appeared to afford her great satisfaction. On the 27th the violence of the symptoms still increased, and we shall now describe them in Mr. Wood's own words:

"She now struck the furniture more violently, and more repeatedly, kneeling on one knee, with the hands upon her back, she afterwards sprung up suddenly, and struck the top of the room with the palm of the hand. To do this, she rose fifteen inches from the floor, so that the family were under the necessity of drawing all the nails and hooks from the ceiling. She frequently danced upon one leg, holding the other with the hand, and occasionally changing the legs. In the evening, the family observed the blows upon the furniture to be more continuous, and to assume the regular time and measure of a musical air. As a strain or series of strokes were concluded, she ended with a more violent stroke, or a more violent spring or jump. Several of her friends also at this time noticed the regular measure of the strokes, and the greater regularity the disease was assuming; the motions being regularly affected, or in some measure modified, by the strokes upon the surrounding bodies. She chiefly struck a small slender door, the top of a chest of drawers, the clock, a table, or a

wooden screen placed near the door. The affection ceased about nine o'clock, when the patient went to bed.

Feb. 28, she arose very well at 8. At half past 9, the motions recommenced; they were now of a more pleasant nature; the involuntary actions, instead of possessing their former irregularity and violence, being changed into a measured step over the room, connected with an air or series of strokes, and the beat upon the adjacent bodies as she passed them. In the commencement of the attack, the lips moved as if words were articulated, but no sound could be distinguished at this period. It was curious indeed to observe the patient at this time moving round the room with all the vivacity of the country dance, or the graver step of the minuet, the arms frequently carried not merely with ease, but with grace. Occasionally all the steps were so directed as to place the foot constantly where the stone flag-stone joined to form the floor, particularly when she looked downwards. When she looked upwards, there was an irresistible impulse to spring up to touch the holes or spots in the top of the ceiling; when she looked around, she had a similar propensity to dart the fore-finger into little holes in the furniture, &c. One hole in the wooden screen received the point of the forefinger many hundred times, which was suddenly and involuntarily darted into it with an amazing rapidity and precision. There was one particular part of the wall to which she frequently danced, and there placing herself with the back to it, stood about two or three minutes. This, by the family, was called the measuring-place.

In the afternoon the motions returned, and proceeded much as in the morning. At this time a person present, surprised with the manner in which she beat upon the doors, &c. and thinking he recognized the air, without farther ceremony began to sing the tune: the moment this struck her ears, she suddenly turned to the man, and dancing directly up to him, continued to do so till he was out of breath. The man now ceased a short time, when, commencing again, he continued

till the attack stopped. The avidity with which she danced to the tune when sung as above stated, suggested the idea of procuring a drum and fife in the evening. After two hours of rest, the motions again re-appeared, when the drum and fife began to play the air to which she had danced before, viz. *The Protestant Boys*, a favourite popular air in this neighbourhood. In whatever part of the room she happened to be, she immediately turned and danced up to the drum, and as close as possible to it; till she missed the step, when the involuntary motions instantly ceased. The first time she missed the step in five minutes, but again rose and danced to the drum two minutes and a half, by her father's watch, when, missing the step, the motions instantly ceased. After this, the drum and fife commenced as the actions were coming on, and before she rose from her seat; and four times they completely checked the progress of the attack, so that she did not rise upon the floor to dance. At this period the affection ceased for the evening.

March 1, she arose very well at half-past 7. As I wished to see the effect of the instrument over the disease, I was sent for at noon, when I found her dancing to the drum, which she continued to do for half an hour without missing the step, owing to the slowness of the movement. As I sat counting the pulse, which I found to be 120 in the short interval of an attack, I noticed motions of the lips previous to the commencement of the dance, and placing my ear near the mouth, I distinguished a tune. After the attack, of which this was the beginning, she informed me, in answer to my inquiry, that there was always a tune dwelling upon her mind, which, at times becoming more pressing, irresistibly impelled her to commence the involuntary motions. The motions ceased at 4 o'clock.

At half past seven, the motions commenced again, when I was sent for. There were two drummers present, and an unbraced drum was beat till the other was braced. She danced regularly to the unbraced drum, but the moment the other commenced she instantly ceased. As missing the time stopped

the affections, I wished the measure to be changed during the dance ; which stopped the attack. It also ceased upon increasing the rapidity of the beat, till she could no longer keep time ; and it was truly surprising to see the rapidity and violence of the muscular exertion, in order to keep time with the increasing movement of the instruments. Five times I saw her sit down the same evening, at the instant she was unable to keep the measure ; and in consequence of this, I desired the drummers to beat one continued roll, instead of a regular movement. She arose and danced five minutes, when both drums beat a continued roll : the motions instantly stopped, and the patient sat down. In a few minutes, the motions commencing again, she was suffered to dance five minutes, when the drums again began the roll, the effect of which was instantaneous ; the motions ceased, and the patient sat down. In a few minutes the same was repeated, with the same effect. It appeared certain that the attacks could now be stopped in an instant, and I was desirous of arresting them entirely, and breaking the chain of irregular associations which constituted the disease. As the motions at this period always commenced in the fingers, and propagated themselves along the upper extremities to the trunk, I desired the drummers, when the patient rose to dance, to watch the commencement of the attack, and roll the drums before she rose from the chair. Six times successively the patient was hindered from rising, by attending to the commencement of the affection ; and before leaving the house, I desired the family to attend to the commencement of the attacks and use the drum early.

March 2, she arose at 7 o'clock, and the motions commenced at 10. She danced twice before the drummer was prepared, after which she attempted to dance four several times, but one roll of a well-braced drum hindered the patient from leaving her seat, after which the attacks did not occur. She was left weakly and fatigued by the disease, but with a good appetite. In

the evening of this day an eruption appeared, particularly about the elbows, in diffused patches of a bright red colour, which went off on the third day.

This woman, previously to her complaint, could never dance even a country dance, and yet I saw her execute steps which could not be taught without difficulty. At times she would rise upon her toes, and move forward alternately each heel into the hollow of the opposite foot ; at other times poising the body upon one foot, with the heel raised, she would beat time with the toe and heel of the other.

In this case there was no wandering of the intellect, either during the paroxysm, or in its absence. The perception and judgment were accurate and just, and all questions were answered correctly. During the intermission, she did many household affairs, nursed the child, &c. &c. although the troublesome curiosity of her numberless visitors undoubtedly disturbed her. There was a constant wish to recover, a just knowledge of her situation, and of the advantage she received from the agency of the instrument, with an anxious desire to continue its use.

This disease appears to have consisted in a highly irritable state of the mind, with which the organs of voluntary motion became associated ; and the cure was effected by interrupting this irregular association. It is probable that the noise of the instrument in a room scarcely six yards square, was very advantageous, by breaking the chain of musical ideas impressed upon an highly excited mind, and re-establishing the ordinary relation of the mental operations with external things. The voluntary muscles also early associated themselves with the instrument, as was shewn by the instant cessation of their unnatural actions, when the time could be no longer kept.

She continued free from any attack for six weeks, but in April began to be affected with agitations in the muscles of the face, particularly the eyes and eyelids. She recovered from these ; but in May was repeatedly seized with similar affections to those which

occurred in the first attack. They were also removed by the drum, which she at length began to beat herself. After some repetitions of attacks, on the 2d of August she entirely recovered, and has continued perfectly well ever since."

NORTH-WEST COAST OF AMERICA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE Russian settlements extend from Kamtschatka to the north west coast of America, where the Russians possess, in Norfolk Sound, a fortress with a hundred pieces of heavy artillery. Since 1813 they extended 500 miles beyond the river Columbia along the coast, and settled in Bodega, in 38° 20' north latitude, and distant only 30 miles from the farthest Spanish settlement in California. Bodega has a good soil and all the advantages desirable for trade. This encroachment on the American continent is the effect of Russia's gigantic power. Peter the Great began this plan, Catherine pursued it, and the present emperor executes it with great ardour. During these three reigns the Russian empire has extended itself, from the north of Asia, has passed Behring's Straits, and obtained firm footing in North America. A good road has been made from St. Petersburg to Kamschatka; vessels, loaded with furs, sail annually from the north west coast of America, round the Cape of Good Hope, and unload their rich cargoes in the Gulph of Finland; and while the United States of America in vain exert themselves to gain an insecure settlement in the Mediterranean, Alexander employs himself on the more certain plan, of making himself master of the peninsula of California, by virtue of the cession made to him by Spain of its claims on the north west coast of America. According to the North American Review, the Russian settlement in Norfolk Sound was founded in the 57° of northern latitude, after a long and desperate resistance made by the natives in the year 1792, by a merchant of the name of Baranoff.

The natives had entrenched themselves in a fort, which was built in the form of a half moon, and well fortified with abattis, so that the Russians cannonaded it in vain, while the savages,

who knew very well how to use their fire-arms, took aim at them through openings dextrously made in the fortress. The place was at last taken by storm, and Baranoff is at present governor of the settlement, consisting of about six hundred colonists. The gradual arrival of more Russians was succeeded by the total subjection of the natives. The Russians, in all their settlements which they make on American ground, are commanded by very skilful military and civil officers. All is on a great scale and is liberally supported.

Here are several young sea officers of the first families, who have received a splendid and in these parts, rare education. In the English and North American settlements, on the contrary, commercial speculation is the only motive; they have only the advantages of the moment before their eyes, and people there are only soldiers out of necessity. With the Russians all bears the stamp of superior education; great and penetrating views seem to direct their plans, and promote their success. Already now, the Russian American fur company, over which Mr. Baranoff presides with great wisdom, gives the share holders a dividend of fifteen per cent.; and what an increase is there annually in all the Russian ports in those countries, in the magazines of goods, ship building, and all means of security and luxury. Mr. Baranoff employs the Russians settled in Norfolk Sound, and the natives, in the chase of sea otters and sturgeons. Sometimes he sends these articles directly to the Chinese market, and at other times exchanges them with American ships for necessary things for the colonists. These, as well as his troops of the line, consist of Russians and natives, who are taught to bear arms after the Russian fashion. All the women of the colony are natives of Kodiack; there

are no Russian women, and but a very few copper-coloured European American Mestizes.

The governor does not make use of his own ships to trade with China, but freights European or American vessels for that purpose.

To form an idea of the value of the cargoes, it is sufficient to say, that he has already paid 20,000 dollars for the transport of a single one of these cargoes. Another advantage which he derives from the Kodiack islanders is, that he lets out boats on hire to American captains, which are rowed by these people and commanded by Russians, and sent out to the coast of California to catch sea otters. A ship of 250 tons burthen must have fifty such boats, which are narrow and long, made of skins and hoops of casks, and can contain three men.

All these undertakings are done in the night: everything remains on board the American ship, till they have arrived at the place for catching the sea otters. If the air is calm, the boats are let into the sea to surprise the sea otters, which sleep with their head above water. They are attacked with advantage in the moment when they collect in crowds, as they are accustomed to pursue their food. These chases they make in the greatest order. Besides the implements for the hunting, the Indians carry two knives. Numerous as they are, they never commit the least disorder, or ever attempt to make themselves masters of the vessel. The captain chiefly owes this security to the custom of taking a female Indian of rank on board, whose presence keeps them all in awe, and whose commands they obey with the most unlimited respect.

As besides this the Indians do not understand any of the manœuvres, they would, even if they had made themselves masters of the ship, not know where to steer to. While they are on board they are fed with train oil and a kind of berries, which are taken in casks from Norfolk Sound. When the chase is about to begin, the Indians divide themselves into three divisions: each consisting of fifteen boats, is accompan-

ied by a sixteenth, which carries two Indians and a Russian officer. This last keeps within the half circle. Every Indian carries with him his bow, quiver, and lance. As soon as they have approached the otters near enough, every one discharges his arrow, but each has a particular mark that it may be known again. It is taken for granted that the arrow which is nearest the animal's organs of hearing has killed it. The officer counts the sea otters killed by each hunter. After their return the governor tries to animate them by praises to still greater efforts: every one receives implements for hunting, tobacco, rum, coarse woollen cloths, and other things for use and ornament, according as they have shewn their skill and zeal. The produce of the chase is divided in the same manner, half of which falls to the governor for lending the boats.

The most important settlement of the United States is ten degrees more southward, on the banks of the Columbia. Two captains from Boston acquired of the natives some years ago a long extent of coast, by virtue of a contract, which is still in the hands of several merchants in Boston. Soon after this, several agents to the American North West Company went from New York to settle there, under the direction of the president Mr. Astor, and soon after began a very good trade with the English North West Company in Canada, which had for a long time carried on a trade in furs.

About this time the Americans destroyed the British fleet in the Pacific Ocean, which was employed in the whale fishery. But Captain Porter, who had proposed this undertaking, was made prisoner on board the *Essex*, by the English. Not satisfied with this, they sent several small vessels to destroy all the American trading magazines on the Sandwich islands and at the mouth of the Columbia. But the Americans on the Columbia, informed of these intentions, by their friends the Canadians, who had already several settlements on that river, quickly sold their establishments to them, and all the magazines which were

there; so that the English ships on their arrival found that there was nothing to plunder, as every thing had become the property of English subjects. The natives, however, were not pleased with this convention: they affirmed that it was necessary for them to have as many ships as possible in the Columbia, as the value of their fur goods in the Chinese trade was thus increased. Since this time the United States have tried to form new settlements in these parts, and the English look with a jealous eye on their commercial activity, as well as that of the Russians. In reality, the Russian settlements increase wonderfully in the east of Asia as well as in the west of America. They have followed more liberal principles than they did in Kamschatka and the adjacent islands. It is certainly their intention to make themselves masters, as much as possible, of the trade of the north west of America, and to draw over to their side the fishermen and hunters of these parts, to be at last enabled to supply the Chinese market exclusively with furs. Without doubt, the Russians already injure the Americans; and as the goods in the Chinese ports becomes more rare and more in

demand, quarrels between the merchants of these two nations seem unavoidable; and it will probable be decided without the knowledge and consent of their governments, who shall yield to the other in this contest.

The Russians have made a regular communication over Asia between America and Europe. From Edgcombe in the Norfolk Sound, ships sail to Ochotsk, from thence the road goes to Jakutsk, up the Lena to Kiransk, or Katschinsk, and then over land from Irkutsk, Tomsk, Tobolsk, Tjumen, Casan, Moscow, to St. Petersburg, which is a distance of about 6,520 English miles.

If we may give credit to the New York Spectator of the 26th of February, Russia has resigned to the United States all its claims to the countries on the coast of the north west of America which lie to the south of 56° of northern latitude, and England had signed this treaty for the time, when the ten years fixed in the last convention on this country shall be expired; so that the United States of America will possess in future an extent of 15° of latitude upon the ocean.

DRAMATIC.

COVENT GARDEN, DEC. 27.

AFTER the usual holiday fare, a Pantomime was produced, taken from the most renowned of romances; and if the ghost of Cervantes cares about what is doing upon the cloudy spot that used him so ill, it may be consoled by these remote honours of earth to his memory. Don Quixote is the hero of the scene which is now gathering golden opinions from all sorts of men within the walls of the most gilded of theatres. The title of this resistless performance is "*Harlequin and Don Quixote; or, Sancho Panza in his Glory.*" The action commences with the celebrated scene of the conflagration of *Don Quixote's* treasures of romance—gallant knights and gay dames, perils by flood and field, are doomed to promiscuous extinction by the *Priest*, the *Barber*, and *Sampson Carrasco*, while the luckless Don sleeps in the very sight of the ruin. But he sleeps in the full dignity of errantry, with lance in hand, and mail on breast, like Walter Scott's cavaliers of Branksome, who

"Lay down to rest,
With cuirass brac'd,
Pillow'd on buckler, cold and hard;
And carv'd the meal,
In gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine thro' the helmet barr'd."
The *Spirit of Romance* ascends, interrupts

the sacrifice, calls up visions of renowned chivalry, in the forms of *Amadis de Gaul* and *King Arthur*, transforms *Carrasco* into *Harlequin*, the *Housekeeper* into a *Squire*, for whom an immense variety of disasters are in wait, and the Don's niece into *Colombine*. The last personage that appears, and for whom the multitude actually languish, is *Sancho*, who comes in mounted upon *Dapple*, but in so far, straying from the fact, that the English *Dapple* is a remarkably plump animal, and obviously no feeder upon the thistles of *La Mancha*. *Don Quixote's* steed has been more classically selected, and the white charger in the pantomime might stand a trial with the leanest *Rozinante* between the *Sierras*. The historic adventures of the *Knight* and *Sancho* are then detailed with considerable skill, and the pantomime is a kind of graphic epitome of the novel. The *Don* is knighted in the inn yard, and the adventure in the cockloft is given with a particularity which has been animadverted on by the daily papers, and which we think obviously offensive. *Sancho's* pumping and his tossing in the blanket, took place with due respect for tradition; and the *Knight's* equipment for the attack on the windmill is the height of accurate absurdity. The mill, on his first glance, turns into a giant tal-

ler than all the sons of Anak, and hiding his head in the canvas clouds; the gallant Knight prepares fearlessly for the charge; but the mill resumes its shape, and the *Don* is soon seen sweeping round on the vanes. His attack on the flock of sheep, which he mistakes for an army, was also well executed; and *Sancho's* consolation and collection of his teeth were humourously conceived by *Grimaldi*. *Sancho* is at length fixed in his government of *Barrataria*, and his mock dignity is well sustained. Here pantomime assists romance; for the dishes, instead of being carried off by obtrusive lacqueys, vanish through the table. The incursion which unkins this new monarch is a clever riot, and the galleries expressed their sympathy by roars of applause, as each party pressed the other. *Sancho* was another Achilles, and the ladies of his family howled in matchless aggravation of the horrors of the fray, till the evil cause prevailed, and the hero flung down his culinary armour. The closing scene reconciled all the combatants of this hard-fought floor, and scenery, nymphs, gas-lights, and gorgeous clouds, raised the audience to raptures worthy of the original day of *Thespis*. The scenery at this house is the

best that this country has produced; and in the present pantomime there are some fortunate specimens: we would remark the mirror of chivalry, the offskip of the mill scene, the pass in the Sierra, and the outside of the cottage on the river side.

The general order of the pantomime is indeed disturbed, if not reversed on this occasion. The Knight and *Sancho* retain their characters throughout, and *Pantaloön* (the housekeeper) is attached to them. Instead of the lovers being persecuted, they are the persecutors, for the wand works all the mischief to the *Don*, and all the pummellings and misadventures to his faithful follower. By this magical instrument, the windmill is turned into a real giant, oppressing forlorn sacks of corn transformed into damsels, and again into its original form; the flocks of sheep do become soldiers, and revert to mutiny; and all the other incidents, even to the tossing of our old friend *Panza* in the blanket, are dependent, more or less, upon its "charmed touch." The wonderful ape is also a prominent actor in the affair of the Showman; and the whole piece, including *Rosinante*, *Dapple*, &c. &c. a very satisfactory entertainment for the rising generation.

AMUSING FACTS RESPECTING SOUTH AMERICA.*

From the Monthly Magazine, Jan. 1820.

WILD HORSES AND ASSES.

THERE are thousands of horses which are wild in the forests, and do not belong to any one. I was enabled to ascertain a fact, known to all who have travelled in this country. The horses live there in societies, generally to the number of five or six hundred, and even one thousand: they occupy immense savannas, where it is dangerous to disturb or try to catch them. In the dry season they are sometimes obliged to go two or three leagues, and even more, to find water. They set out in regular ranks of four abreast, and thus form a procession of an extent of a quarter of a league. There are always five or six scouts, who precede the troop by about fifty paces. If they perceive a man or jaguar (the American tiger), they neigh, and the troop stops: if avoided, they continue their march; but, if an attempt be made to pass by their squadron, they leap on the imprudent traveller, and crush him under their feet. The best way is always to avoid them, and let them continue their route: they have also a chief, who marches between the scouts and the squadron, and five or six other

horses march on each side of the band, —a kind of adjutants, whose duty consists in hindering any individual from quitting the ranks. If any one attempts to straggle either from hunger or fatigue, he is bitten till he resumes his place, and the culprit obeys with his head hanging down. Three or four chiefs march as the rear guard, at five or six paces from the troop. I had often heard, at *Trinidad*, of this discipline among the wild horses, and confess that I could scarcely believe it, but what I have just stated is a fact which I witnessed twice on the banks of the *Guaripiche*, where I encamped five days, for the express purpose of seeing those organized troops pass. I have met, on the shores of the *Orinoco*, herds of fifty to a hundred wild oxen: a chief always marched at the head, and another at the rear.

The people of the country have assured me, that the wild asses, when they travel, observe the same discipline as the horses; but the mules, though they also live in troops, are continually fighting with each other, and it has not been observed that they have any chief. They however unite, at the appearance of a common enemy, and display still

* A Statistical, Commercial, and Political Description of Venezuela, Trinidad, Margarita, and Tobago.

more trick and address than the horses, in avoiding the snares which are laid for catching them, and also for escaping when taken.

I remember to have seen one of these wild mules escape from a park, where he had been kept at Carudano, by throwing himself on his belly, and feigning to be dead. Suddenly he passed his head under one of the bars of the gate, pushed it open, and rushed into the town: above thirty persons ran after him in every direction, and, after a pursuit of two hours, they were obliged to give up the chase. It would be too tedious to recount all the tricks and stratagems employed by this animal to escape us: we finished the hunt by laughing at each other for leaving him at liberty.

POPULATION OF VENEZUELA, IN 1807.	
Caraccas . . .	496,772 inhabitants.
Cumana . . .	96,000
Island of Margarita	16,200
Spanish Guiana . .	52,000
Varinas . . .	141,000
Maracaybo . . .	174,000

Total 975,972

The whites among this population are about 200,000, in which number there are scarcely twenty thousand Europeans: the free people of colour, the mixtures of European, indigenous and African blood, were to the number of 435,000; the negro or mulatto slaves 58,000; the Indians were about 282,000: of whom 210,000 were united in missions or practised trades in the towns and villages. According to a census made in January, 1811, the population exceeded one million of souls.

TRINIDAD.

There is perhaps no part of the New World, which offers to the navigator, fatigued with the monotony of a sea voyage, a view at once so picturesque and imposing as the approach to Trinidad, placed almost at the mouth of the Orinoco, as a kind of barrier to restrain the impetuosity of its tides and currents.

This island has the form of an irregular square. The Spanish geographers compare it to an ox-hide: it is sixty British miles from east to west, and forty-five from north to south;

which makes a surface of about forty-two thousand two hundred square miles British. Trinidad is separated from the continent by the gulf of Paria. The length of this gulf is about thirty marine leagues, while its greatest breadth, from north to south, is about fifteen. The second mouth of the Orinoco, called the Canal of Pedernalos, and a great number of other channels formed by a multitude of islets, almost level with the water, all in a northern direction, continually discharge the waters of that fine river into this gulf. Those waters flow into the ocean by two great channels, commonly called the Mouths of the Orinoco.

PARIA.

There are few places so salubrious, and yet so fertile, in Southern America as the valleys of Cape de Paria. Many tribes of Indians inhabit its coasts. Some French families took refuge there during the first storms of the Revolution: a considerable number of French colonists from Trinidad, Tobago, and Grenada, have also settled in the same neighbourhood. At first, the Spanish government gave them a good reception; but the beautiful plantations of cocoa, coffee, cotton, and even sugar manufactories, which they soon formed, tempted the jealous avarice of some local officers of the government. From 1802, various pretences were invented for getting rid of and plundering them. Some were driven out and sent away from the most contemptible motives.*

The entrance of this gulf presents scenes both varied and magnificent. To the east is that majestic river, compared to which those of Europe are but as rivulets! its waves meeting those of the sea, and incessantly disputing the empire of the gulf. To the west appear, rising from the bosom of the horizon, the mountains of Cumana; and, by degrees, on approaching the western coast of Trinidad, you discover numerous vallies and plains enamelled with eternal verdure. On nearing the coast, the navigator's view is charmed by a landscape covered with various planta-

* Among others, *M. Isnardi*, a native of Piedmont; the same, I believe, who is now secretary to the Congress of Venezuela.

tions, and diversified by meandering rivers and rivulets, which water it. A strange and sometimes grotesque medley of white, copper-colour, and black, men, animate this scene. Whilst the numerous canoes of Caribs and Guaraouns skim the Gulf in every direction, the traveller sees and hears the negroes working and singing in cadence; troops of monkeys jumping from tree to tree, and swinging themselves while suspended from the branches by their tails;* innumerable flocks of magnificent birds enliven the scene, by the beauty and variety of their colours. The shores continually resound with the songs of some and the screeching of others: at the end of this smiling plain, rises the northern mountains, like an amphitheatre, their summits crowned with the noble trees of the Tropics, above which the palm, waving its lofty head attracts the thunder, and forces the clouds to deposit their waters at its feet, from whence, precipitating in cascades and torrents, they form rivulets and streams.

CLIMATE OF TRINIDAD.

Countries situated between the Tropics have only two seasons: the dry and rainy, or the spring and winter. These two seasons are still more distinct at Trinidad than in the Antilles; for, whatever may be the winds that prevail in that island, there scarcely

* Travellers have not exaggerated, when they asserted, that a particular class of apes, who have a great dread of the water, when obliged to cross a stream, climb up the nearest tree to the bank, and form a chain, by hanging from the tails of each other. If the river is not wide, the whole string of animals swing backwards and forwards until the lowest alights on the opposite bank, when he who is uppermost slides down the tree, and they are immediately pulled over by the one to whom the post of honour had been assigned. It should be remarked, that, as fast as the latter's companions are drawn to land, they assist him in dragging the others to the bank. This very singular practice, which has frequently amused me, is accompanied with howlings, cries, and grimaces, sufficient to frighten any one not accustomed to the neighbourhood of those living caricatures of our species.

It is equally true, that this most mischievous tribe invariably place centinels whenever they halt, particularly when employed on a foraging excursion: this fact I have ascertained to my cost, having often surprised bodies of them pillaging my fields of maize in Trinidad.

ever falls a drop of rain during the spring. This is the name given in those regions to that part of the year which commences with the month of November, and concludes with that of April, or the beginning of May. From the end of April the heat increases gradually; the east, north-east, and northerly winds, become less cool; at the end of June, the heat is greatest; the storms commence, and increase in frequency until the months of August, September, and the beginning of October, when they occur daily, and are accompanied with torrents of rain. Nothing is more curious to an European, than the manner in which a storm forms in this climate. The air is calm, not a zephyr agitates it; Reaumer's thermometer is in the shade at twenty-three, twenty-four, or twenty-five, degrees, ascending as the atmosphere is more calm. The sky is clear, azure, and without a cloud. Suddenly there is seen forming in one part of the heavens a small grey point, which in four or five minutes increases, and becomes a large black cloud; at first lightnings issue from this cloud; those soon become more considerable; a minute afterwards the barometer descends suddenly one or two lines; the thunder rolls, and in an instant a torrent of rain falls in large drops. Those showers generally last only a few minutes, seldom half an hour: scarcely has the rain ceased, than the atmosphere remains as calm, and the sky as serene, as before. It rains thus fifteen or twenty times a-day during the winter; and a moment afterwards, it scarcely seems that there had been rain. There is seldom any fall of rain in the night, but a heavy shower without wind usually precedes sunrise by half an hour during the season.

On the 16th of February, 1797, a British squadron of four sail-of-the-line, under the orders of Admiral Harvey, appeared off the island. The Spanish rear-admiral Apodaca was anchored at Chagaramus with three superb ships of the line, (one of which was a three-decker,) and a forty gun frigate. As soon as he saw the British ships, he set fire to his own, and gallantly retreated

to Port Spain, reciting his rosary, and accompanied by a band of priests, who followed his example. Arrived at the governor's with his chaplet of beads in his hand: "Well, admiral, all is lost, as you have burnt your ships," said Chacon to him.—'No, all is not lost,' replied the noble admiral; 'I have saved the image of San Jago of Campostella, the patron of my ship and myself,' taking from his pocket an image of that saint!

General Sir Ralph Abercrombie landed with four thousand men, marched to Port Spain, fired a few discharges of cannon, and, after a short conference, the governor capitulated.

STEAM ENGINE.

I ought not to omit here that the use of the steam-engine, by Messrs. Bolton and Watt, of Birmingham, was introduced into Trinidad in 1804. It has replaced the cattle-mills on some plantations. This machine is preferable to windmills, which cannot work at all times, and it is less expensive; the water-mills alone being preferable to it. The engine alluded to is said to have the power of sixteen horses, and performs, in a given time, the work of three oxen or mule mills, on a sugar plantation. It is well known what a number of those animals are destroyed annually in the colonies: the introduction of this machine in the manufactory of sugar is therefore a very great improvement as well as saving in colonial agriculture. Sir Stephen Lushington, who has a very large property in this island, had the honour of being the first to employ it there, in contempt of the outcry raised against it by the vulgar prejudices of others.

ROBLEY'S PLANTATION.

The cultivated part of the island is in a most flourishing state. I have never seen better farming or finer negroes. The principal plantation, which belonged to the late Mr. Joseph Robley, at Sandy Point, is perhaps the best colonial establishment in the Antilles. It consists of six windmills for bruising the canes, and three for grinding maize. This property is divided into three sugar plantations, each having a double set of boilers. The negroes inhabit

three streets, near the plantation to which they are attached: their huts are built of stone, and covered with slates. In 1803, they amounted to a thousand, of all ages, and both sexes. Every thing about this plantation has the appearance of order and abundance. I went there several times during the peace of Amiens, and never did I hear the sound of the driver's whip. Next to the plantation of Sir William Young, at Saint Vincent's, I do not believe that there were any men in existence, employed in cultivation, more happy than the negroes on the Robley plantations, in 1803.

This great proprietor had all the tradesmen necessary for such establishments, on his property, such as masons, carpenters, wheelwrights, smiths, farriers, &c. Once, while I was at his house, the wind broke a vane of one of the windmills, and we heard a moment afterwards, that a similar accident had happened to a neighbour.—"Come," said he, "and you shall see how soon I can repair the damage." A conque-shell was blown, and I immediately saw a hundred negroes appear, some with pulleys, others dragging a capstan, and the rest an enormous triangular ladder; at last, a large waggon drawn by six fine mules brought a mill-vane, always kept ready in case of accidents: it was put up in half an hour, and they then fitted the sail to it: in short, four hours after the accident, the mill worked as well as ever. Mr. Robley then observed, "This is one of the many advantages a large proprietor possesses, in having his workmen at home: I have a double set of every thing necessary for sugar-works on those three plantations, which are on the same estate, and may be called six, as there are six mills, and three double sets of cauldrons, and their appendages, mill-works, boilers, &c. All are numbered and ready in my stores; so that, if any accident happens, it may be repaired in a few hours, without interrupting the manufactory of sugar. My neighbour, who has just experienced the same accident, has neither workmen nor materials of his own; so that, while he goes to town to purchase those

articles, for which he will be obliged to pay fifty per cent. more than they have cost me in England, and while his overseers are running about to seek workmen, and three or four days may be lost in procuring them, there are no longer any signs of the accident on my premises. My neighbour's canes, already cut, will ferment, and perhaps he will lose four or five hogsheads of sugar, without calculating the time of his negroes." I believe no man ever felt more happy than Mr. Robley, whilst he explained the above details, and others relative to the management of his plantation. This gentleman was the creator of his own fortune: he was born of a respectable family in Cornwall, and had gone to the West-Indies at the age of eighteen, employed as a clerk in the navy-office. He first established himself in Tobago in 1768, and began to cultivate the cotton-plant with a capital of about 1700*l.* sterling: already, in 1789, which was only twenty-two years afterwards, besides the magnificent establishment at Sandy Point, he possessed another sugar plantation, with a water-mill of great value, which he had presented to one of his nephews. He had, besides, at the peace of Amiens, a large sum in the public funds. This fortune he owed entirely to his activity, prudence, and the fertile soil on which he had fixed his establishments.

This great cultivator had besides two vessels, which were his own property: the first time I saw them lying at anchor before his house, I mistook one for a ship of the line, and the other for a frigate. They came twice a-year, and lay in front of his residence, for the purpose of taking his produce to Europe, and of bringing not only all that was necessary for himself and his negroes, but also merchandise, which he sold to the merchants of Tobago, and on which he gained considerable profits. No man in any country ever obtained more respect and authority than Mr. Robley, in his limited sphere: he was President of the Colonial Council, and consequently Governor, when the other was absent.

Joseph Robley was the first inhabitant of this island, and perhaps of all

the West Indies, who went to the expense of constructing water and wind-mills, expressly with a view of grinding maize for his negroes; and it was not long before his example was imitated by his neighbours. Before his time, and even at present, in the other colonies, the negroes are obliged to grind the maize with small iron mills, which fatigues them extremely, causing a great loss of time when they return from their work at mid-day or in the evening. On those plantations they have not even sieves for separating the bran: but on the Robley estate, they receive their rations of maize-flour well sifted, and all the grain which they bring to the mill is ground gratis. Mr. Robley neglected nothing that would induce them to prefer this food: from its stimulating qualities, he thought it the best vegetable nourishment for men who cultivate the ground in hot climates. He had also made considerable plantations of the bread-fruit tree of Otaheite, and other plants brought from the South Seas by Captain Bligh, as well as those which are cultivated in the magnificent garden of Saint Vincent, by Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Robley returned to England after the peace of Amiens, and was then about sixty years of age. He had not seen his native land from the age of eighteen; but he did not long enjoy the fruits of his industry, having died in a year after his arrival.

THE NEGROES.

A Moco or Ibo negro differs as much by the inferiority of his cerebral organization and intellectual powers from a Coromantyn or Gold-Coast negro, Mandingo, Congo, and especially a Mozambique, as the Calmucks and some tribes which live not far from them, are inferior to Europeans: I pledge myself for the correctness of this assertion, which, though not sufficiently developed now, will be so at some future period, by facts, and a more learned pen than mine.

The inferior races of negroes improve in the colonies in respect to intellect, either by their mixture with the superior ones, or by a better climate than that of Guinea. There is no doubt, also, that their communications with Europeans

and their descendants, contribute to the development of their intellectual faculties. All the colonists who possess a spirit of observation agree, that the Creole negroes are, in general, more in-

telligent than the greater part of the European peasants; and that they are in no respect inferior, in this point of view, to the white Creoles who have not received an education.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

From the New Monthly Magazine, February 1820.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.

WHETHER our taste has been rendered unreasonably fastidious by the variety of highly-flavoured literary delicacies with which the press, in these modern times, daily and hourly supplies our intellectual banquets;—whether we are *more nice than wise*, or, in fact, are justifiable for the opinions which we entertain—certain it is, that many of the books which we are told were considered sixty or seventy years since as standards both of instruction and amusement, appear to us now, little better than dry, chaotic masses of disjointed materials, awkwardly worded, unskillfully put together, and eminently deficient in taste and interest.

In the editor's preface to the volume now before us, we meet with the following paragraph: "the French abound in collections of this nature, which they have distinguished with the title of *Ana*. England has produced few examples of the kind; but they are eminently excellent. It may be sufficient to name Selden's 'Table Talk,' Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' and the 'Walpoliana.'"

We must be permitted to remark, that nothing *can* be more distinct than the respective merits of Selden and Boswell. In Selden, though pregnant on the whole with wit, wisdom, and learning, we find a mere assemblage of desultory anecdotes, or abstract reasonings. Their conciseness is of no assistance to the memory, for nothing is easily retained which fails to excite interest. And when we perceive that every article stands alone, bearing no connection with that which precedes or follows it, they become as wearisome in the perusal as a travelling itinerary, or as a geographical gazetteer. We remember with what eagerness, after hearing that Dr. Johnson had sat up a

whole night to read Selden's "Table Talk," we seized upon that little volume in a friend's library, and began devouring its contents in the hope of being equally fascinated: but it would not do. Boswell, Mason, and Hayley, in their several Lives of Johnson, Gray, and Cowper, had spoilt us for a production so wanting in order and sequence. At the end of a few pages, we became anxious for the relief of knowing *why* and *to whom* such things had been said; we wished to be informed of their *à propos*. Though excellent in themselves, they came too fast upon us; and so completely bewildered our faculties that we lost all power of discriminating their value, from the very superabundance with which (without any link or intervening detail) they hurried us from one topic to another as abruptly as if they had been passages read at random from so many different authors.—We love more correspondence of design; when a *bon mot*, or a wise apothegm is recorded, we love to see it in its appropriate *niche*; to find it blended with narrative explanatory of the occasion on which it was uttered:—in short, we love, as in Boswell, and the other biographers we have named, to meet with that concatenation of ideas which accounts for the origin of every remarkable observation, and gives interest to every anecdote by the portrait which accompanies it of the person to whom it relates. We read Boswell; we can only *dip* into Selden, whose "Talk," like the maxims of La Bruyere and La Rochefoucault, consisting wholly of detached thoughts, fatigues the "mind's eye" as much as it would fatigue the corporeal eye to gaze too long at the brilliant colours exhibited thro' a prism.

It is well known that the original do-

cuments from which the Memoirs of Sully were composed, bore the same dry, disunited character we complain of in Selden ; but how admirably has their editor woven his rich materials into a consistent web ; and how infinitely does that work now surpass the crude and broken style of arrangement adopted by the compilers of the French Anas !—Mr. Spence has, to our regret, followed their irregular—*plan* we cannot call it—rather let us say, *course*. If, in answer to our objections to this course, we should be told that he never *meant* to do more than to glean a number of Pope's original observations, with a view to their being inserted in some Life of him to be written by another hand, all we can say is—*tant pis* :—the gleanings were worthy of a better fate. They now appear like so many single features, many of them good, indeed, but all separated from the face to which they once belonged, scattered, mutilated, and thrown pell-mell before us : here a nose, and there an eye ; this way a chin, and yonder a lip : and we see no possibility, for want of ligaments and muscles, to unite them into one complete physiognomy, or to judge what sort of countenance they would form, if put symmetrically together. From this book we acquire not the smallest insight into Pope's general manner of conversation. We can never suppose that it was his custom to sit stringing axioms together, to which nothing had previously led, and to which nothing was ever replied. The sentiments which are here expressed, may, indeed, be Pope's ; but, isolated as they are, we cannot always discover to what they apply. They are neither questions nor answers ; and not possessing (invariably) sufficient weight and character to stand by themselves as unquestionable monuments of oracular wisdom, they occasionally sink into mere truisms, without either spirit, originality, or any kind of point.

The pages in the volume before us, which, after having once awakened, continued most successfully to keep alive our attention, were those dedicated at the beginning to giving a brief sketch of the Life of Mr. Spence. The

reason is obvious ; we are going on with one subject, or gradually diverging from it ; and no sudden transitions, like unprepared cords in music, grate harshly upon the feelings ; we are not every instant *changing our key*, but have the fortune of finding that what we are reading bears a relation to what we have read, and will probably assimilate with what is to follow.

We should in fairness, however, state, that the complaints which we are making on account of the want of continuity in this production, will by no means occur in so forcible a manner to the public at large. *We* are compelled to read the whole of a work, and to read it with as little loss of time and as few interruptions as possible.—We honestly confess, that we rise from it under such a sense of repletion, and with an “appetite so cloyed by what it fed on,” that had there been a second volume, we must have died of a surfeit !

In justice to ourselves, at least as a pleasure to ourselves, we shall insert the very agreeable details given in Section VIth, respecting the universally and deservedly popular

AUTHOR OF GIL BLAS.

Speaking of his *Gil Blas*, and *Diable Boiteux*, he said : ‘Ay, those were the two first works that ever I risked into the world.’ (‘Ces sont mes enfans perdus.’)—‘It was in this room that I wrote most of *Gil Blas*.’—*M. Le S.* And an extreme pretty place to write in it was.—His house is at Paris in the *Fauxbourg St. Jaques* ; and so, open to the country air : the garden laid out in the prettiest manner that ever I saw, for a town garden. It was as pretty as it was small, and when he was in the study-part of it, he was quite retired from the noise of the street, or any interruptions from his own family. The garden was only of the breadth of the house, from which you stepped out into a raised square parterre, planted with a variety of the choicest flowers. From this, you went down, by a flight of steps on each side, into a *Berceau* ; which led to two rooms or summer-houses quite at the end of the garden. These were joined by an open portico,

the roof of which was supported with columns ; so that he could walk from the one to the other all under cover, in the intervals of writing. The berceaux were covered with vines and honeysuckles, and the space between them was grove-work. It was in the right-hand room as you go down that he wrote *Gil Blas*.—*Spence*.

GEORGE I.

Dr. Lockier in the former part of his life was chaplain to the factory at Hamburgh, from whence he went every year to visit the court of Hanover ; whereby he became well known to the king, George the First, who knew how to temper the cares of royalty with the pleasures of private life ; and commonly invited six or eight of his friends to to pass the evening with him. His majesty seeing Dr. Lockier one day at court, spoke to the Duchess of Ancaster, who was almost always of the party, that she should ask Dr. Lockier to come that evening.—When the company met in the evening, Dr. Lockier was not there ; and the king asked the duchess if she had spoken to him, as he desired.—‘Yes,’ she said, ‘but the doctor presents his humble duty to your majesty, and hopes your majesty will have the goodness to excuse him at present : he is soliciting some preferment from your majesty’s ministers ; and fears it might be some obstacle to to him, if it should be known that he had the honour of keeping such good company.’ The king laughed very heartily, and said, he believed he was in the right. Not many weeks afterwards, Dr. Lockier kissed the king’s hand for the Deanery of Peterborough ; and as he was raising himself from kneeling, the king inclined forwards, and with great good humour whispered in his ear, ‘Well, now doctor, you will not be afraid to come in an evening ; I would have you come this evening.’

FIRST IDEA OF PARADISE LOST.

As an example of the epistolary matter contained in the appendix to this volume, we insert the following entertaining letter from Mr. Spence to his mother when travelling.

TO MRS. SPENCE.

Turin, Dec. 2, 1739.

Dear Mother,

Soon after I came to this place, as I was walking one Evening under the Porticos of the Street of the Po, I saw an Inscription over a great Gate ; which, as I am a very curious Traveller, you may be sure I did not miss reading. I found by it, that the House belong’d to a sett of strollers, and that the Inscription was a bill of the play that they were to act that Evening. You may imagine how surpris’d I was to find it conceiv’d in the following words : “Here under the Portico’s of the Charitable Hospital for such as have the Venereal Disease, will be represented this Evening, *The Damned Soul* : with proper Decorations.” As this seem’d to be one of the greatest Curiosities I coul’d possibly meet with in my Travels, I immediately paid my three-pence ; was shew’d in with great civility : and took my seat among a number of people, who seem’d to expect the Tragedy of the Night with great Seriousness.

At length the Curtain drew up ; and discover’d the *Damn’d Soul*, all alone, with a melancholy-Aspect. She was (for what reason I don’t know) drest like a fine Lady ; in a gown of Flame-colour’d Satin. She held a white Handkerchief in her hand, which she apply’d often to her eyes ; and in this attitude, with a Lamentable Voice, began a prayer (to the Holy and ever Blessed Trinity) to enable her to speak her part well : afterwards she address’d herself to all the good Christians in the Room ; beg’d them to attend carefully to what she had to say : and heartily wish’d they wou’d be the better for it : She then gave an account of her Life ; and, by her own confession, appear’d to have been a very naughty woman in her time.

This was the First Scene. At the Second, a back curtain was drawn ; and gave us a sight of our Saviour and the Blessed Virgin : amidst the Clouds, The poor Soul address’d herself to our Saviour first, who rattled her extreamly : and was indeed all the while very severe. All she desired was

to be sent to Purgatory, instead of going to Hell : and she at last beg'd very hard to be sent into the Fire of the former, for as many years as there are drops of water in the sea. As no favour was shown her on that side, she turn'd to the Virgin and beg'd her to intercede for her. The Virgin was a very decent Woman : and answer'd her gravely, but steadily ; " That she had anger'd her Son so much, that she cou'd do nothing for her : " and on this, they both went away together.

The Third Scene consisted of three little Angels, and the Damn'd Soul. She had no better luck with them : nor with St. John the Baptist, and all the Saints in the Fourth : so, in the Fifth, she was left to two Devils ; seemingly to do what they wou'd with her. One of these Devils was very ill-natur'd and fierce to her ; the other, was of the droll kind ; and for a Devil, I can't say but what he was good-natur'd enough : tho' he delighted in vexing the poor Lady rather too much.

In the Sixth Scene, matters began to mend a little. St. John the Baptist (who had been with our Saviour I believe behind the Scenes) told her, if she wou'd continue her Entreaties, there was yet some Hope for her. She on this again besought our Saviour and the Virgin to have compassion on her : The Virgin was melted with her Tears, and desir'd her Son to have pity on her ; on which it was granted, that she shou'd go into the Fire, only for sixteen or seventeen hundred Thousand years ; and she was very thankful for the mildness of the Sentence.

The Seventh (and last) Scene, was a Contest between the two Infernal Devils above mentioned, and her Guardian Angel. They came in again ; one grinning, and the other open-mouth'd to devour her. The Angel told them, that they shou'd get about their business. He, with some difficulty, at last drove them off the Stage ; and handed off the good Lady ; in assuring her that all would be very well, after some hundreds of thousands of years, with her.

All this while, in spite of the excel-

lence of the Actors, the greatest part of the Entertainment to me was the countenances of the people in the Pitt and Boxes. When the Devils were like to carry her off, every body was in the utmost consternation ; and when St. John spoke so obligingly to her, they were ready to cry out for Joy. When the Virgin appear'd on the Stage, every body looked respectfull ; and on several words spoke by the Actors, they pull'd off their Hats, and cross'd themselves. What can you think of a People, where their very farces are Religious, and where they are so Religiously receiv'd ? May you be the better for reading of it, as I was for seeing it !

There was but one thing that offended me. All the Actors, except the Devils, were women ; and the person who represented the most venerable character in the whole Play, just after the Representation, came into the Pitt ; and fell kissing a barber of her Acquaintance, before she had chang'd her Dress. She did me the honor to speak to me too ; but I wou'd have nothing to say to her.

It was from such a Play as this, (call'd Adam and Eve) that Milton, when he was in Italy, is said to have taken the First Hint for his Divine Poem of Paradise Lost. What small beginnings are there sometimes to the greatest things ! I am ever (with all Services to all Friends,)

Your Dutiful and Affectionate,
J. SPENCE.

What a singular book is " The business of the Saints in Heaven," by Father Lewis Henriquez ; printed at Salamanca in 1631. He attempts to prove, in the twenty-second chapter, " That every saint shall have his particular house in heaven ; and Christ a most magnificent palace ! That there shall be large streets, and great piazzas, &c." He says in the twenty-fourth chapter, that there shall be a sovereign pleasure in kissing and embracing the bodies of the blest ; that they shall bathe themselves in each others' sight. That they shall swim like fishes ; and sing as melodiously as nightingales, &c."—He affirms, in the forty-seventh chapter,

"That the men and women shall delight themselves in masquerades, feasts, and ballads ;"—and in the fifty-eighth, "That the angels shall put on women's

habits, and appear to the saints in the dress of ladies, with curls and locks, waistcoats and fardingales, &c."

From La Belle Assemblée, Jan. 1820.

CHRISTMAS EVE : OR, THE CONVERSION.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE evening was dark, and a profound silence reigned through the small apartment where Gottfried was seated at the foot of his mother's bed, to which she had been some time confined, the prey of lingering illness : the child himself was scarce recovered from the effects of a malignant fever. At length he whispered to his mother—"Are you asleep? my dear mother."—"No, my dear child," replied she ; "I am employed in thanking the Almighty that it has pleased him to restore my Gottfried to health."—So saying, she took his two little emaciated hands and joined them together ; and when he had finished his short prayer, he listened attentively to the difficult and unequal respiration of his mother, which, at times, seemed almost totally stopped, and then again exhaled itself in deep-drawn sighs. A few minutes afterwards he said to her—"Are you now praying, or are you asleep?"—"Neither, my child ; what do you want with me?"—"O nothing ; I only wished to know why such a strong light comes in at our windows all on a sudden as if the sun shone ; but yet it does not appear like the light of the sun, and there is no moon now ; look, mamma, do not you see it ? I can see your face quite plain by it ; it is very strange."

"Not strange at all," replied Elizabeth ; "this is Christmas eve,* every family assembles all its members together and fathers and mothers are surrounded by their children ; they light up a number of wax lights, which they suspend to the branches of a small fir-

tree, which are also hung round with the presents they mean to make them. All the shops in the streets are illuminated, filled with images, wreaths of flowers, and toys of every kind, and this light, as well as that from the neighbouring houses, reflects upon our windows."—"Ah ! how beautiful all that must be," replied the child, with his sweet and tender accent ; "how I should love to see it ! do let me go, my dear mamma."

The pillow of Elizabeth was wet with her tears, and it was with difficulty she suppressed her rising sobs. The little boy continued.—"But I was thinking of one thing ; I am a child myself, and you are my mother ; you love me very dearly, and yet you never lighted up a little tree for me on Christmas eve."

"Dear boy," said she, "come hither and embrace me."—He knelt beside the pillow of his mother, and she continued.—"This day you are eight years of age, my dear Gottfried ; the day of your birth was the same as that of your blessed Saviour: God in his infinite grace bestowed this favour upon you, and you ought to be more proud of it, and more delighted than with the richest present that could be given you ; for you will possess it as long as you live. When you were younger, I often made you a trifling present, but for these four years that I have been confined by sickness, I have only beheld this festival with sorrow. This year I have had the additional misfortune of seeing you suffer from severe illness, and I am myself still in a very languid state ; but that is one reason why I ought to explain to you the holiday that is this day celebrated, and which calls on you with twofold force to lift up your heart to God ; pray to him, my dear child, thank him for all his goodness, and you will feel content."

* The reader must take notice that this tale is of the fourteenth century ; before the reformation in Germany, and consequently the Catholic worship was in all its splendour and attended with every outward and imposing ceremony.

—The child placed himself in the attitude of prayer, and then exclaimed—“Mamma, since God was pleased that I should come into the world on the same day with our Saviour, perhaps he will send for me to be present at his festival.”—Elizabeth gave a faint smile at this infantine idea ; and too much indisposed to reason on such a subject with so young a child, she merely answered—“Seek him, my dear, and you shall find him.”

Gottfried took the saying of his mother in a literal sense, rose up, and was about to quit the chamber, and which the increasing light from the neighbouring houses prompted him to do with the utmost alacrity. On the noise that he made in opening the door, his mother, who had fallen into a doze, awakened, and said—“Where are you going ? You know that you are not yet quite recovered, and you see that I am quite alone.”—“Do not be uneasy, my dear mother,” said the child ; “I am going to seek my Saviour, and I will bring him to you.”—So saying, he disappeared, closing the door after him.

His mother was at first very uneasy ; but being too weak to go after him, she comforted herself with thinking that on such a night, the streets being full of people, that he could not lose his way, that he would soon return, and as he scarce ever went out alone he would not go far.—“O my beloved child,” said she to herself, “it is eight years ago, this day, since I heard thy first cry ; how many hours of joy and anguish hast thou made me feel since that period ! Yet over thy destiny and mine I ought to shed the continual tears of bitterness : but I am a mother, and sweet are the consolations which that delightful title is capable of affording to the afflicted heart. O my God !” added she, lifting up her clasped hands, “I have sacrificed every thing for my child, and taught him early to know and love thee ; take him, I beseech thee, under thy divine protection, that he may become an honest man and a good Christian.”—She continued her ejaculations mentally as she waited for the return of her child.

O ATHENEUM VOL. 7.

When Gottfried found himself in the street, in the midst of the crowd and the illuminations : when he saw the dazzling shops of the merchants, he felt a kind of emotion which seemed almost painful. He involuntarily cast his eyes downwards, but he soon reproached himself for this timidity which deprived him of the pleasure he had so ardently desired ; he soon lifted up his head, and this movement carried his looks towards heaven. He saw its clear and azure vault sprinkled over with millions of stars. His malady, and that of his mother, had long concealed from him that sublime aspect, and which Elizabeth had been accustomed to behold with admiration. He now felt all that admiration in its full force ; a kind of silent ecstasy pervaded his innocent soul, and he no longer heard the tumult that surrounded him : he no longer beheld the factitious illuminations of the lamps ; his whole attention seemed given to the heavens. It seemed to him as if one of those stars was about to descend to bring him a message from the divine child who was born on the same day as himself, or that perhaps he might see him descending. This idea struck his young imagination ; he knew not yet how to calculate those ages which have succeeded each other since our Saviour's birth, and he repeated with a feeling of pride and pleasure—“We were born on the same day, and his birth-day is also mine.”

During this contemplation his sight was struck on a sudden by the sight of another light in the air, but less brilliant than that of the stars, and much nearer the earth. He soon beheld another luminous point which was united to the first, and which added to its splendour ; then a third, and then several others, in great numbers, and which formed, at length, the figure of a crown of fire, surmounted by a luminous cross.

Gottfried was lost in wonder, he did not know that it was illuminated in honour of Christmas eve. All on a sudden, as if impelled forward by a force he could not resist, he ran towards that part from whence the pillar of fire seemed ascending to the clouds. He was often stopped by the immensity of the

of the crowd, and sometimes he stopped himself before those shops which were most ornamented, or where the trees were most splendidly illuminated. He was surprised that those little firs could grow in the snow, which had been heaped round them in order to give more effect to the wax lights. All that Gottfried saw seemed the concurrence of supernatural powers for the celebration of this auspicious eve. In the mean time he did not stay long to consider these wonders, but was attracted by that which appeared in the air: he continued, therefore, to move forwards without paying any attention to several groupes of children who were ridiculing his singular costume. He had no great coat, and that he might be defended from the cold, his mother, since his late illness, made him wear a clean shirt over his other clothes; he had kept it on still when he went out. At length he reached the place where the brilliant crown was suspended over his head at an immense height. He found himself at the door of the cathedral, it was open, and he went in.

The church was empty, and feebly lighted by a couple of wax candles on the altar; the exterior illumination darted through the painted windows its long pale beams on the pavement of the temple, and which were gloomily shaded by the pilasters; the tombs that ornamented the lateral naves were almost hid in darkness. A sacristan walked slowly round the church and drew down a lustre suspended to the dome, in order to light it up. When little Gottfried had crossed the threshold, he remained at the entrance as if rooted there, with a mixture of terror and surprise. The poor child was seized with an ague fit, and his whole body trembled: it seemed to him as if the ground shook under him, and that he was sinking into an abyss. He fell on his knees, he joined his hands together, with resignation, only saying—"O mamma, shall I then never see you again?" But soon the darkness was dispelled: the great chandelier, now lighted up, shed around a brilliant illumination. Gottfried saw it rise up as if self-lifted, and lighting every place

in its ascent, and at length stop at a certain height, and throw round the vaulted roof a light equal to that of the brightest day, while at the lower part of the church was a soft light like that of early dawn. Gottfried then felt as if he had arisen from the abyss he had seemed sinking into: he still trembled, but the excess of his wonder and his admiration prevented him from feeling it. The splendour of the light increased every moment in this vast edifice, several other lustres were lighted up, and innumerable lamps were fixed round the pillars; while the wax candles placed on the altars threw streams of radiant illumination in every direction, and the images became more visible, and charmed the child who had never before seen any thing like it. An image of the Virgin, glittering with jewels, arrested his looks for a long time; she held the infant Jesus in her arms: he thought of his mother, and that she had brought him forth on the same day. By degrees he felt his courage revive, and he cast his eyes around without any sentiment of terror. It seemed to him as if this beautiful temple would become his dwelling place; sometimes, however, he felt himself in pain, the result of that malady from which he was scarce yet recovered. The coldness of a winter day, the thinness of his clothing, and his inward agitation augmented his ague; but at the same time the succeeding fever fit bore him up, and gave him a factitious kind of strength and animation.

As he cast his looks round the church, he perceived a man leaning against a pillar, whose face was turned towards a very fine painting that was suspended to a pillar in another direction. The appearance of this man sensibly struck Gottfried; he regarded him as one sent from heaven, and advanced in order to see his face. His costume was most magnificent: he wore a close coat of green velvet, and to a baldric of red, embroidered richly with gold, was attached a sword most splendidly decorated. On his head he wore a cap of green velvet, surmounted by a plume of heron's feathers, as white as snow. The sacristan approached

the Knight, he made the sign of the cross, and placed himself in silence directly opposite to him, still standing. He cast down his eyes, but lifted them up occasionally, and regarded him in a timid and tender manner. The Knight was some time before he perceived him; at length he saw him, and darting on him a piercing look, he asked him abruptly and haughtily—"What is it you want of me?" The sacristan bowed respectfully, and replied:—"My lord Duke, if you still remember Hantz, the guardian of your infancy, if you can recollect how often I have borne you in my arms to this holy place; how often I have appeased your tears and cries in showing you the beautiful ornaments of this temple, how often I have felt touched and gratified to see the germ of fervent piety in your young heart; if you can recollect this, you will easily conceive how much I must be afflicted to be compelled by the office I exercise here to forbid you this sanctuary. I am here the servant of God, and I ought to order you instantly to quit this holy temple, from which you have been excommunicated; but it is on my knees (and he knelt down) I implore you to enter again into the right path,

whereby alone you can obtain salvation; by the true Christian faith you will obtain the pardon of God and of our blessed Saviour. You contemplate the painting that hangs opposite to you; oh! how many times have I seen you, when but a little boy, stretch out your hands towards the infant Jesus, who is there represented, and say to me, with that sweet voice—"Hantz, how I love that child! I wish he were my friend." And now, O God! what a difference!"

The Knight was in a reverie.—"Certainly," said he, as if scarce knowing what he said, "this painting is superb; it is a masterpiece; but leave me, let me be quiet, you old dotard."—The sacristan rose, and heaving a deep sigh, said—"O my dear, my once pious young Otto, what art thou now?"—The Knight then regarded the sacristan with more mildness, and said—"Yes, little Otto was good when he was a child, you were good enough too, but we change as we grow older. Go, now, if you please, and leave me to myself, I wish to be at peace."—"Peace!" repeated the sacristan, as he went away; "poor Otto, it cannot be with thy conscience."

To be continued.

THE ORPHAN HOUSE OF LANGENDORFF.

Extracted from the Literary Gazette, Jan. 1820.

CHRISTOPHER BUCHER, a Saxon by birth, had from his youth felt an irresistible inclination to devote himself to the education of children. His benevolence was particularly directed to orphans. Serving as hostler at the inn at Weissenfels, he took pleasure in teaching some poor children, and often went to talk upon subjects of education with the clergyman of his village, who encouraged him to follow his impulse. One day he was at Leipzig, without money, and without means to procure any. In his distress he retired into a corner of the stable, and throwing himself on his knee, implored the divine assistance. Finding himself strengthened by this pious act, he went to take a walk out of the gates of the town. A paper, containing some pieces

of money, which a passenger had dropped, caught his eye; the sum was sufficient to relieve him from his embarrassment; he made inquiries, but in vain, to discover the owner; and thought he saw in this combination of circumstances a manifest sign of divine protection. Some time had elapsed, when he found that he had acquired by his industry the sum of a hundred florins (about ten pounds), two carts, and three horses. He happened to break a wheel in the village of Langendorff: this accident appeared to him to be an invitation from providence to begin in this place the execution of his favourite project. The plan for building an Orphan-House was soon fixed upon. Two workmen who assisted him in building, were the first benefactors to the intended

establishment, one giving twelve groschen (eighteen-pence) and the other ten groschen. A gardener of the name of Dunkel joined in this good work : he put the garden in order, and planted a vine.

It was with such slender means, but with confidence in God, that Bucher commenced what he had long considered as the object of his existence in this world. In 1712 he took up his abode here with four orphans.

Pray and work : this was his principle : according to this he regulated the habits of his pupils, that they might, above all things imbibe the fear of God ; and then that they might learn to provide themselves for all their wants. Instruction according to him, should tend to give to man the knowledge and use of his own powers.

These principles, which he exemplified by practice, produced the happiest effect. Poor, but ardent in the cause of truth, persevering in the conviction that he had found it, Bucher made his enterprize succeed. In 1720 his pupils amounted to fifty-one ; and he then received some assistance from the Duke of Weissenfels, and a hundred crowns per annum, with exemption from certain taxes, from the Elector of Saxony. Dunkel the gardener remained faithful during his life to his first resolution, and bequeathed to the establishment the fruits of his savings.

Bucher died in 1729. The simple and just ideas which had guided him, were abandoned after his death. It was desired to do better : the Directors introduced the study of the dead languages, and the school of Langendorff suffered by it. It was not till the year 1811, that the spirit of the founder resumed its influence. At this period the orphans of Langendorff were united with those of Torgau, and the two combined establishments were placed under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Wurker.

The number of pupils is now a hundred and sixty : ninety-eight boys and sixty-two girls. The former cultivate a piece of ground of 130 acres, and make their own clothes and most of the instruments which they use : the girls

are employed in the internal economy, and in the labours belonging to their sex. This education is directed by the influence of the good examples which they receive from their superior, and give to each other, without any emulation but that which proceeds from the desire of doing well, having neither rewards nor punishments. Idleness is represented to them as the most dangerous enemy to man ; and this is a maxim which they soon comprehend, because all the produce of their labour is employed in increasing their own comforts. They are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a little history and geography.* Religious instruction is particularly attended to. Most of the teachers are former pupils in the establishment, assisted in their functions by the eldest of the present pupils, who, together with the directors, keep the books, and make the reports to the government. At the age of fifteen, they may quit the house, and choose themselves a profession ; but they still continue their connection with the director, who pays for their apprenticeship on account of the establishment.† The girls are put out to service in good families, and keep up, until they are of age, a correspondence with the director, a highly respectable man, and indeed their father ; it is by this name that the teachers as well as the pupils call him. The merit of having brought back to its true destination, an establishment so interesting in its origin—a truly Christian charity ; a great deal of simplicity, which does not exclude firmness of character ; great talents, and indefatigable activity, tempered by a patience which is proof against every trial, eminently distinguish the Rev. Mr. Wurker.

* *It seems singular that natural history is not included among the branches of instruction. To initiate children into the secrets of nature increase, their reverence for their Creator ; and, for those who labour in the fields, it renders agriculture doubly interesting ; and consequently, tends to make them love the station which God has assigned them. Proofs of this truth, if it needed any, might be found at Hofwyl.*

† *At Hofwyl, they remain in the establishment till the age of twenty-one years, serving their apprenticeship before they quit the sphere where the good results of their education may be the best consolidated.*

From the Literary Gazette.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN, TRANSLATED INTO PORTUGUESE.

BY THE VISCOUNT DE SAO LORENZO.

THE nations of Europe have at different periods maintained stations as diverse in the ranks of literature, as in the field of arms. Italy was the ancient haunt of the muses, and the swarms of her earlier hive poured all their honey on the lips of their successors. Spain, the land of romance, gave fresh expression to enthusiasm, and added "another hue" even "unto the violet." France triumphed on the opposite shore of poetry, and saw her sway almost universal. At a later period, England held on the ascendant, and Germany, borrowing her light, now strives to shine alone. During the whole of this contest for literary superiority, Portugal remained an unconcerned spectator. It should seem as if the complaint, which Camoens so pathetically poured forth of his country, had clouded the spirit and damped the ardour of all her later bards.

Those sunshine smiles that fan the poet's fires,
She beams not, no, she chills his fancy's bloom;
In lust of gold her sympathy expires,
Shrouded in harsh and apathetic gloom.

Within these two years, however, there have been signs of change, and presages of amendment. In 1817, a magnificent edition of the immortal production of the Portuguese Milton, issued from the Parisian press, at the cost of an individual of rank, a countryman, and enthusiastic admirer of the neglected bard. The publication before us is the second attempt to arouse the energies of an hitherto inert people, and to point to literary glory as an "aim, a hope, and an achievement." The work is professedly a lineal version of *The Essay on Man*, but contains, in addition, a translation of Pope's *Messiah*, and also of the 13th and 14th chapters of *Isaiah*, intermingled with several minor pieces, and an immense body of notes, forming at least five sixths of the volumes, which, besides some very interesting citations from many Portuguese poets, hardly known

in England, even by name, comprehend selections of parallel passages from the literature of several nations. The book is printed in a very splendid form, each epistle having a corresponding illustration, tastefully designed and beautifully engraved in the line manner; there is also a portrait of the Portuguese nobleman, and a very fascinating likeness of the bard of Twickenham, in which we recognise the soft expression of his eye, the feeble character of his frame, and his slender legs "enlarged with three pair of stockings."* It is stated to be from a painting by Jervas; and, in contemplating the pensive features of the great subject of his pencil, we are reminded most forcibly of the verses addressed by the poet to the painter:

Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

A century only has passed away, and the colors of Jervas can hardly preserve a face, whilst envy and malignity strive to darken the fame, and "spit their venom at the dust of Pope."

The Portuguese translation of the *Essay on Man* is executed in blank verse, and, as well as the version of the *Messiah*, is generally faithful, spirited, and harmonious.

The notes are by far the most curious part of the work, and contain an infinite variety of matter of every description. Many of them are metaphysical, critical, and historical, besides some very acute political disquisitions. The criticisms on English literature, as well as the passages quoted, display a very intimate acquaintance with our poets, from Chaucer to Darwin. We can only afford room for one short extract from these annotations, which we translate, because it relates a very extraordinary fact of natural history, that we do not remember to have been mentioned before. It forms part of a note on these lines:

Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore
Heav'n's not his own, and worlds unknown before?

* Johnson's Life of Pope.

"In Brazil, where I (the Viscount himself attests the relation) am resident, and through a considerable portion of which I have travelled, there are many species of birds, numerous in their kind, whom instinct impels to this emigration, which is not occasioned by the vicissitudes of the seasons, since as far as the thirteenth degree of southern latitude, where there is a vast number of birds of passage, there is no difference of climate, although there is a great difference of season, as respects the production of fruits; and we see these birds, like the wandering hordes of wild Tartars, change their abode when the nutriment which is necessary to their existence becomes scarce. Even aquatic birds, which feed on fish, remove from one spot to another, whither the variation in the currents of the sea or of rivers transports, at different periods of the year, a greater number of fish.

"One fact which proves the power of instinct in brutes, and which I could not have credited, had I not myself observed it, is the following: The interior of the province Seará, is, like the other provinces of Brazil, stocked with farms for the breed of cows, sheep, and horses, and is situated on a soil subject to frequent drought. The herds, which during the summer are meagre, and ill-fed on grass scorched even to blackness by the intense heat of the sun, look forward to the rainy season, which regularly commences in those quarters in December, or January, the dry and

withered herbage becoming on a sudden green and flourishing. No sooner do the herds perceive from their exhausted region, the electric fluid dart in the opposite horizon, than, aware that the early showers descend amidst thunder and lightning, they put themselves in motion towards the part where they saw the atmosphere illumined. They traverse mountains, rivers, and deserts, in order to reach the succulent pasture, which they are certain of finding in that spot: at length they luxuriate on the first shoots of the rising grass, but as soon as they behold the lightning also sparkle in the horizon of their native plains, they return to drink in the streams, and to feed on the soil where they first drew the light of day; performing in this manner journeys of sixty, eighty, and often of an hundred leagues without guide or compass. How many marks of consciousness are manifest in these facts! The notion and idea of their own unpleasant situation; the hope of a better; the certainty of reaching the land of plenty, by following the gleam of lightning, the agent of rain; the change of place, with the view of deriving the benefit which the fertility of these plains offers; and the natural impression of fondness for their native spot, to which the herds yield, when they return to it in its re-nascent state, braving the claws of the ounce and the tiger, the precipices of the road, and the floods of the mighty rivers."

From the Literary Gazette.

THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

TWO neat little volumes under this title, have appeared, and monthly numbers in succession are announced. As specimens of the work we select a few extracts.

GEORGE I.

During the siege of fort St. Phillip, a young lieutenant of marines was so unfortunate as to lose both his legs by a chain shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable board; but nothing more than half-pay could be

obtained. Major Manson had the poor lieutenant conveyed to court, on a public day in his uniform; where posted in the anti-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out as the king was passing to the drawing-room, "Behold, great sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you; he has lost both in your service." The king struck no less by the singularity of his address, than by the melancholy object before him, stopped and hastily demanded what had been done for him. "Half-pay," replied the lieutenant,

"and please your majesty." "Fye, fye on't," said the king, shaking his head; "but let me see you again next levee day." The lieutenant did not fail to appear, when he received from the immediate hands of the king a present of 500 pounds and an annuity of 200 a year for life.

ORIGIN OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

It will to some appear singular that the Slave Trade should have originated in an act of humanity; yet such was the fact, and it exhibits an instance of one of the best and most humane men being guilty of cruelty, when his mind was under the influence of prejudice. Barthelemi delas Casas, the bishop of Chiapa, in Peru, witnessing the dreadful cruelty of the Spaniards to the Indians, exerted all his eloquence to prevent it. He returned to Spain, and pleading the cause of the Indians before the Emperor Charles V. in person, suggested that their place as labourers might be supplied by the negroes from Africa, who were then considered as beings under the proscription of their Maker, and fit only for beasts of burden. The Emperor, overcome by his forcible representations, made several regulations in favour of the Indians; but it was not until the slavery of the African Negroes was substituted, that the American Indians were freed from the cruelty of the Spaniards.

THE MIMIC RECLAIMED.

A generous act, or an act of humanity, will sometimes operate most forcibly on the minds of those who might not be expected to feel its influence. A comedian, of the name of Griffin, celebrated for his talents as a mimic, was employed by a comic author to imitate the personal peculiarities of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, whom he intended to be introduced on the stage as Dr. Fosile, in *Three Hours after Marriage*. The mimic, dressed as a countryman, waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of complaints with which he said his wife was afflicted. The physician heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. The actor having thus detained

the doctor until he thought himself completely master of his errand, presented him with a guinea as his fee. "Put up your money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The mimic returned to his employer, who was in raptures at his success, until he told him that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents to render such genuine humanity food for the diversion of the public.

SCIENTIFIC SAGACITY.

In the winter of 1790, as a number of boys were skating on a lake in a remote part of Yorkshire, the ice happened to break at a considerable distance from the shore, and one of them unfortunately fell in. No house was near, where ropes or the assistance of more aged hands could be procured, and the boys were afraid to venture forward to save their struggling companion, from a natural dread that where the ice had given way, it might give way again, and involve more of them in jeopardy. In this alarming emergency, one of them, of more sagacity than the rest, suggested an expedient, which for its scientific conception, would have done honour to the boyhood of a Watt or an Archimedes. He might probably remember having seen, that while a plank placed perpendicularly on thin ice will burst through, the same plank, if laid horizontally along the ice, will be firmly borne, and afford even a safe footing; and applying with great ingenuity and presence of mind, the obvious principle of this difference to the danger before them, he proposed to his companions that they should lay themselves flat along the ice, in a line one behind another, and each push forward the boy before him, till they reached the hole where their playmate was still plunging, heroically volunteering to be himself the first in the chain. The plan was instantly adopted, and to the great joy of the boys, and their gallant leader, they succeeded in rescuing their companion from a watery grave, at a moment when, overcome by terror and exertion, he was unable to make another effort to save

himself. Reader excuse a tear of gratitude. The name of the boy saved was—REUBEN PERCY.

PATRICK HENRY.

When Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American Revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the stamp act into the House of Burgesses of Virginia (May 1765), he exclaimed, when descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third—" ("Treason," cried the speaker; "treason, treason," echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye flashing with fire, continued, "*may profit by their example*. If this be treason, make the most of it."

NAVAL ORATORY.

Admiral Blake, when a captain was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. In an engagement one of his ships blew up, which damped the spirits of his crew; but Blake, who was not to be subdued by one unsuccessful occurrence, called out to his men, "Well, my lads, you have

seen an English ship blown up; and now let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation." This well-timed harangue raised their spirits immediately, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire. "There, my lads," said he, "I knew we should have our revenge soon."

SLEEPERS REPROVED.

A methodist preacher once observing that several of his congregation had fallen asleep, suddenly exclaimed with a loud voice, "A fire! a fire!" "Where! where!" cried his auditors, whom he had roused from their slumbers. "In hell;" added the preacher: "for those who sleep under the ministry of the holy gospel."

Another preacher, of a different persuasion, more remarkable for drowsy preachers, finding himself in the same unpleasant situation with his auditors, or, more literally speaking, *dormitory*, suddenly stopped in his discourse, and addressing himself in a whispering tone to a number of noisy children in the gallery, "Silence, silence, children," said he; "if you keep up such a noise, you will awake all the old folks below."

Upon the whole, these are entertaining books for the grown up lovers of anecdotes, and excellent presents for children.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the New Monthly Magazine, Jan. 1820.

CANOVA, THE SCULPTOR.

THIS celebrated artist was born in the year 1751, in the village of Possagno, in the Venetian States. He very early evinced a genius for the art in which he has since become so distinguished. When only twelve years of age, he modelled a lion in butter, and sent it to the table of the rich Signior Falieri, who was a liberal encourager of the young artist's rising talent. At the age of seventeen, Canova executed a Eurydice, half the size of life. He then left his instructor, a sculptor of Bassano, and went to study at the Venetian Academy of Fine Arts, where he obtained several prizes. In

1779, the Venetian senate expressed their approval of the talent he displayed in a groupe of Dædalus and Icarus, by presenting him with the sum of 300 ducats, and sending him to finish his studies in Rome. He first distinguished himself in that capital by his Theseus seated on the vanquished Minotaur, which has been very well engraved by Morghen. A groupe of Cupid and Psyche was the first production which afforded an idea of the originality of Canova's taste in the expression of the softer affections. This was followed in close succession by the groupe of Venus and Adonis; the Mausoleum

of Clement XIII., erected in the church of St. Peter at Rome; the figure of Psyche holding a butterfly between her fingers; the penitent Magdalen, one of his chefs-d'œuvre, now in the possession of M. Sommariva, at Paris; and the statue of Hebe. After this period, Canova also devoted his talents to subjects of a very different style, of which his two Pugilists (Kreugas and Damoxenus), are the most successful examples. M. Quatremère de Quincy says, speaking of the Kreugas: "Every thing is grandly expressed; the style is broad and full; there is nothing mean, nothing borrowed; it is all ease, even to the execution."—Among the works which he afterwards executed, one of the most remarkable is, another groupe of Cupid and Psyche. In 1798, Canova left Italy, to accompany Prince Rezzunico on a journey through Prussia. On his return to Rome, he executed his Perseus holding the head of Medusa, which has been said to equal the Apollo Belvidere, at least as far as regards execution and beauty of form. The Pope purchased it to fill the place of the Apollo in the museum of the Vatican, and appointed the artist Inspector-General of the Fine Arts at Rome. Canova shortly after produced a companion to the Perseus in the statue of Mars Pacificator; when Pope Pius VII., in token of his approbation, created him a Roman Knight, and, with his own hands, presented to him the insignia of the order. About this period, he received an invitation from Napoleon, to visit Paris, for the purpose of executing his bust; but he refused to comply, until the Pope, who happened at that time to be in France, sent his mandate to that effect, which was instantly obeyed by Canova. On being asked by Napoleon why he had not attended to his summons, Canova replied that it was not his duty to obey the commands of any but his own sovereign. He was received in France with the most flattering marks of distinction and was appointed one of the associates of the Institute. After completing the bust of Napoleon, intended for a colossal statue, which as a whole

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proved but mediocre, he returned to Rome, at the expiration of the same year. The Parisian critics said of this statue that it was very great, without producing a great effect. Perhaps Canova's failure in this figure may be attributed to the little pleasure with which he appeared to undertake it, and his eagerness to return to Italy. Bonaparte observing his impatience, remarked that there were some fine works of art in Paris, to the examination of which some short time he thought might be well devoted. "I have seen them all before," was the laconic reply of Canova. The statue remained for a long time covered with a curtain in the museum, but was again exhibited on Napoleon's return from Elba in 1814, when a mould was taken from it, and it was multiplied in all the cast-shops in Paris, and it is now once more doomed to obscurity. In 1815, when the allied powers reclaimed the monuments of art collected in the Louvre, Canova was appointed by the Pope to superintend the removal of those which had formerly adorned the city of Rome. He consequently repaired to Paris, under the title of Ambassador from the Pope, and was there commissioned to execute the statue of the Emperor Alexander, which was to be placed in the palace of the senate at St. Petersburg. From Paris he proceeded to London, principally for the purpose of examining the remains of the temple of Minerva which the Earl of Elgin had brought from Athens. There he was received with every mark of attention by the most distinguished individuals in the country, and his Royal Highness the Prince Regent presented him with a magnificent snuff-box set with diamonds. During Canova's residence in London, he went to see the statue of his present Majesty, by Chantry, which stands in the Council-room at Guildhall. In the same room hangs a large picture, by Northcote, representing the Death of Watt Tyler. The picture caught Canova's attention, and he exclaimed, "this is the finest modern historical picture I have ever seen! pray who is the artist, I must become acquainted with him." He

accordingly waited on Mr. Northcote a day or two after, when the latter gentleman had an opportunity of returning the compliment by relating the following anecdote: When Northcote was in Venice in the winter of 1779 he went to see the pictures in one of the palaces, and observed on the staircase a marble groupe of modern sculpture, the extraordinary excellence of which astonished him. He immediately turned and expressed his admiration of it to Mr. Prince Hoare, by whom he was accompanied. He enquired what sculptor could have produced so exquisite a work, and received for answer, that it was the performance of a young man of that city, named Canova, who was considered a promising genius. Canova had been some time in England before he saw the new Waterloo Bridge; and when he accidentally passed by it he expressed his regret at not having sooner had an opportunity of admiring what he regarded as one of the greatest curiosities this country possesses; he declared it to be unquestionably the finest bridge in Europe. During his short visit to this country, he obtained such a vast number of commissions, that he is said to despair of ever being able to fulfil them. Several specimens of his talent are already in this country, and a Venus, in the possession of the Marquess of Lansdowne, may, perhaps, be reckoned among the most successful of his works. On his return to Italy, he was commissioned by the Pope to restore to their former situations the works of art which had just arrived from Paris.

On his arrival he was received with every honour. The academy of St. Luca went in a body to meet him, and the Pope, at a solemn audience, on the 5th of January, 1816, delivered to him, with his own hands, a paper, announ-

cing the enrolment of his name in the book of the capitol. He was shortly after created Marchese d'Ischia, with a pension of 3,000 Roman crowns. Canova has occasionally turned his attention to the study of painting, and he executed several pictures, one of which has been engraved; the subject is a Venus reclining on a Couch and holding a Mirror. He has also painted a portrait of himself. Among his *bas-reliefs*, perhaps the most remarkable is that representing the city of Padua, under the form of a female. Canova's genius has been fostered by the writings of the ancient authors. It is his constant practice to have some one to read to him while he is occupied in the execution of his works. The characteristics of his style of sculpture are originality, facility, and fertility of execution. Among his most celebrated works may be reckoned, a Statue of Napoleon's Mother, in the character of Agrippina: a Venus rising from the Bath; a Statue of the Princess Borghese, half draped, reclining on a couch, with her head resting on one hand, and an apple in the other; the bust of Pope Pius VII.; the bust of Emperor Francis II.; and a monument to the memory of his friend Valputo, an engraver. Canova has been blamed by some critics for endeavouring to impart to his statues an air of reality, and of heightening their resemblance to nature by artificial means unconnected with the province of sculpture; namely by colouring the eyes, lips, &c.; a practice quite unusual among modern sculptors. This, however, he manages with so much delicacy, that it is scarcely perceptible, and if it do not, as many maintain, impart an additional charm to the statue, it is at least certain that Canova never suffers the colouring to obtrude so as to become offensive to the eye.

NATURAL HISTORY.

From the Quarterly Journal of Literature, &c.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF THE SPIDER, &c.

By Capt. Bagnold.

DESIROUS of ascertaining the natural food of the scorpion, I enclosed one $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch long, in a wide-mouthed phial, together with one of those large spiders so common in the West Indies, and closed it with a cork,

perforated by a quill, for the admission of air; the insects seemed carefully to avoid each other, retiring to opposite sides of the bottle, which was placed horizontally. By giving it a gradual inclination, the scorpion was forced in contact with the spider, when a sharp encounter took place, the latter receiving repeated stings from his venomous adversary, apparently without the least injury, and with his web, soon lashed the scorpion's tail to his back, subsequently securing his claws and legs with the same materials. In this state I left them some time, in order to observe what effect would be produced on the spider by the wounds he had received. On my return, however, I was disappointed, the ants having entered, and destroyed them both.

In the West Indies I have frequently witnessed crowds of these little insects destroying the spider or cockroach; as soon as he is despatched, they convey him to their nest. I have frequently seen them drag their prey perpendicularly up the wall, and although the weight would overcome their united ef-

forts and fall to the ground perhaps twenty times in succession, yet, by unremitting perseverance, and the aid of reinforcement, they always succeeded.

A struggle of this description once amused the officers for nearly half an hour: a large centipede entered the gun-room, surrounded by an immense concourse of ants; the deck for four or five feet around was covered with them, his body and limbs were encrusted with his lilliputian enemies, and although thousands were destroyed in his efforts to escape, they ultimately carried him in triumph to their dwelling.

In the woods near Sierra Leone, I have several times seen entire skeletons of the snake beautifully dissected by these minute anatomists.

From these circumstances, it would appear, that ants are a considerable check to the increase of those venomous reptiles, so troublesome in the torrid zone; their industry, perseverance, courage, and numerical force, seem to strengthen the conjecture; in that case, they amply remunerate us for their own depredations.

From the Literary Gazette.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL THEODORE REDING

VON BIBEREGG,

Commanding the Swiss troops in the service of Spain.

(Extracted from the Journal of a German Officer in the Spanish Service at the Battle of Baylen.)

I CANNOT refrain (says the officer) from relating an anecdote, which throws such a pleasing light on the character of the immortal Don Theodore Reding, a man who by his intrepidity, personal valour, and sound judgment in the military art, greatly contributed to the success of that day. On the evening before the battle, several dragoons of one of our most distant pickets of cavalry brought bound into the camp, about twenty Andalusian peasants, who were conducting a number of mules and asses loaded with water, by a secret road to the French, when they were seized by our people. The heat was so excessive, that persons of eighty years of age remembered nothing equal to it. The peasants trembling awaited their sentence before the General's tent, well knowing that death was the conse-

quence of their crime. At last the Commander appeared. Curiosity had drawn together some young officers, to whom Reding said, "Gentlemen, form a circle. These men (continued he addressing us with great seriousness), were conveying to the enemy, who are, we know, suffering for want of water, that necessary article; now determine their punishment—I will collect your votes." "The gallows, according to the laws of war," said the first, the second, and the third. The peasants turned pale. Some voted for shooting them; the most compassionate for drawing lots, and punishing every fifth man. "But do not let us," said the General, "decide too hastily in a case of such importance; which of you, gentlemen, can know how many of us may survive to-morrow? What induced you

(turning to the peasants) to act in this manner? You ought to contribute to our success;—you, whose interest it is to do the French all possible harm, even you bring provisions to the enemy's camp!"

"General, we have done wrong (said one of the peasants) but have some excuse to offer. Our huts and our corn were a prey to the flames. We are all fathers of families, and no prospect but starvation remained to us for the approaching winter. We knew very well that the French paid two reals for a glass of water,—with this money we hoped to relieve ourselves from want.

Our sons are here in the army, and we also are prepared to die fighting for our country. A part of this very money was intended for powder, as we are too poor to procure our ammunition, as is required of us." Tears sparkled in the eyes of the hero. He went into his tent, came out with a purse in his hand, and gave every peasant a piece of gold worth five ducats, saying, "Divide the water among your countrymen, and leave the French to me; to-morrow they will have something to drink." He would not stop to receive their thanks, but immediately after this noble action withdrew.

PRESENT STATE OF ROME.

From La Belle Assemblee, Jan. 1820.

ITALY, &c. FROM THE FRENCH OF M. CHATEAUVIEUX.

This volume is written in a series of letters, each agreeably diversified and descriptive, but each having the main subject in view. The translator has done ample justice to the work.

ROME.

IT is probable that we are arrived at that period of history, when this queen of cities will lose her splendour, and preserve nothing more than the glory of a name, which, in the lapse of ages, will never be forgotten. In Rome, as within the walls of Volterra, will be seen only an immense assemblage of monuments, palaces, and ruins of all ages; under the porticoes will then vegetate the shepherds, the goatherds, and the husbandmen. The grotto of Evander will then no longer be sought for, he will seem to live again to be the king of this rustic people. Thus will terminate the history of Rome; long will she have survived her rivals, but like Athens and Persepolis, she will undergo the fate of every thing raised by the hand of man, she will be destroyed.

The marks of ruin, produced by the ravages of time, are every where imprinted in Rome. As there are more houses than inhabitants, no one thinks of repairing that in which he lives; when it falls into decay he changes it for another; he never thinks of repairing his gate, his roof, or his stair-case; they break, fall down, and remain on the spot where chance has thrown them.

Thus a great many convents appear only heaps of rubbish; many palaces are no longer habitable, and have not even a porter to guard them. This universal abandonment, this Tartar population which fills the streets, the flocks which overrun them, and the general appearance already exhibit the character of decay and destruction. * *

On the other side of the Tiber, towards St. Peter's church and the gate Angelica, I passed through streets entirely deserted, and where no other inhabitants remained but the shepherds, who came thither to pass the night, though they even found them but a dangerous refuge. All the environs of the Vatican are also abandoned to the shepherds: I was particularly struck with this loneliness in going, at break of day, to St. Peter's church. The sun was rising just at the moment of my arrival, the gates of the temple were still shut, a profound and universal stillness prevailed; I heard only the distant sound of the bells of the flocks which were returning to the fields. The obelisk rested on its brazen base, and the two fountains ejected their unceasing streams. Neither passengers nor travellers crowded the *pavé*, and I arrived at the vestibule without having met a single human being. The freshness of the morning, and the tints of

Aurora threw an inexpressible sweetness over this divine solitude. I contemplated at once, the temple, the porticos, and the heavens ; and, for the first time my soul was impressed with the august ceremonies of nature when she gives and when she withdraws the light of day.

At length the church doors were opened, and the bells solemnly proclaimed the beginning of day. But this *Angelus* in vain called the Christians to prayer ; none came to implore the blessing of heaven. Alas ! this temple, the most beautiful homage that the world has rendered to the true God ; this temple is already in a state of solitude ; the grass grows in its courts, and its sides are covered with moss.

Having lifted up the curtain which covers the gate of the church, I found myself at the entrance of that monument which every where excites veneration. I proceeded under the domes and reached the altar ; a few wax tapers were still burning, but the odour of incense was not perceived,....it is no longer burned there.

A solitary female, an old inhabitant of the temple, approached me, and asked alms, which she had seldom the chance of receiving. The noise of my steps alone interrupted the silence of this sanctuary. The dead repose undisturbed in their tombs, but the living no longer come near them. In vain the walls display the wonders of art ; there are no eyes to behold them ; in vain the seven altars expect prayers and sacrifice ; in these days of mourning, the sacrifice is to desert them.

Struck by the religious solitude which surrounded me, I stopped near the altar ; I was seated on the steps of a confessional, and involuntarily repeated these words of Abner, *Que les temps sont changés*, when a slight noise arrested my attention ; I turned round and perceived an aged priest, who was come still to pour out his prayers at the feet of the Almighty. He also saw me, and approached me : he was advanced in years ; his dress shewed that he was poor, and that he resided in the country, for his shoes were covered with dust ; he sat down by me, but hesitated to

speak ; perceiving his intention I addressed him first ; this temple, said I, in Italian, is very magnificent ; yes, answered he, but fortunately it was built in former times,—it could not have been built at the present period ; no, I replied, I am of your opinion.

POMPEIA.

I took the road to Portici, and I did not stop until I arrived at Pompeia, where I spent the remainder of the day. I will not repeat to you what has been so well said, on the unexpected impressions produced on seeing these beautiful remains of antiquity. The ashes have kept them in perfect preservation, and they appeared to want only inhabitants. I shall merely add, that, within the last four years, the digging has been much extended. They have discovered an entire new quarter, the buildings in which being much ornamented, indicate the residence of richer proprietors than those of the houses previously discovered. They have found a second gate of the city. With a few years more labour, Pompeia will rise completely from the tomb, in which it has been buried so many ages.

There are no ruins in Italy, nor, probably, in the world, which excite so much interest as those of Pompeia, for there is nothing conjectural in what we see there : the imagination has nothing to fill up, and nothing to suppose. Every thing remains there as the Romans left it ; every thing indicates their habits. We live with them, we use their furniture, we eat at their tables, we view their drawings, we read their manuscripts. The time which has elapsed since the day when Pliny met his death there, seems to be lost, and it might have been yesterday.

I remained a long while looking at the workmen, who were digging. They had just gotten into the inside of a house, and every stroke of the spade made a discovery. I know nothing likely to excite so lively an interest as the digging in such a celebrated spot. Expectation and curiosity equally affect us. The imagination is excited by the historical recollections, at this instant, called forth. The eyes are involuntari-

ly fixed on the trowel with which the workman cautiously removes the ashes, for fear of breaking the articles which he may chance to expose.

I was immoveably fixed near these labourers: they threw shovels full of ashes into wheel-barrows. They discovered a wall; it was painted in fresco, beautiful arabesques gradually appeared. May not these medallions explain some of the secrets of antiquity? But our expectation, in this instance, was disappointed: they represented only bacchantes and cupids.

The work went on: in emptying a room of the ashes with which it was filled, we came to the lower part of it and the precautions were increased, as they expected to find furniture and some valuable articles. The trowel touched a hard and resisting body. The workman removed the ashes very slowly, and he perceived a bronze ornament. Beautiful carved leaves rose from the ground; they adhered to branches, having fruit upon them, which were oranges. The stem of the tree rested in a vase of the same metal; it served as a pedestal: this bronze, of an elegant form, was only a candelabra, in the fruit of which were inserted sockets, which diffused around the light of twenty lamps. Art has produced nothing more natural, or more graceful, than this candelabra, whose reappearance I witnessed after two thousand years, as clean and as polished as when it first came out of the hands of the workmen.

On the side of this bronze, and on the same pedestal, was a bust of Marius; I was gratified at being present at discoveries of so much interest; but night put a stop to the work; the workmen, as well as the antiquarians, went away, and I followed them with regret. In this short time I could not help thinking, how one might pass a whole life in these places without experiencing a moment's fatigue or *ennui*.

DARKNESS OF HISTORY CONCERNING GIGANTIC PRODUCTIONS.

At what period of history, at what age of the world, must we fix the epoch of the existence of those un-

known, but astonishing nations who built, in Italy, Cyclopean walls, while in Africa they raised the pyramids of Gize and the avenue of the Sphinx? History is silent, and gives us no information respecting the miracles of that age, whose monuments confound our reason, and almost our imagination, for they appear above human power. Nothing in nature has, to this day, explained the singular mysteries of this monumental civilization; a civilization so great as still to astonish the world by its ruins, so religious as to have raised colossi for the altars of its gods, and mountains for the tombs of its dead.

How is it that all the traces have been lost of that race of giants who had mammoths for their domestic animals, and who constructed their ramparts with rocks? The ruins which they have left us, astonish us the more, because we cannot conceive that genius of the ages which presided at their birth. It is a world, the secret of which has never reached us, and with respect to which we can do nothing, but remain mute before those august monuments, which time has preserved by placing them in wildernesses.

Nature in our days, does not seem to have strength sufficient to destroy these ruins; they are so massive, and the earth has been so long accustomed to support them, that they seem even like a work of the creation.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON ROME.

Antiquity presents Rome to us great and noble above all other cities; but modern ages exhibit it under an aspect still more august. The throne of its earthly glory has been broken down, for it was the will of God to raise his altars amidst its ruins and desolations. He has depopulated the country surrounding this sanctuary, with a scourge which unceasingly carries death with it, as if to teach Christians, that it is not the delights of this world which are promised them, but the hope of that which begins beyond the grave. A holy resignation, therefore, involuntarily affects the soul on entering the temples of Rome. The spirit of God alone resides in them at

this time, for religious ceremonies are there no longer celebrated : and this noble solitude inspires a respect, perhaps, more sacred, and a sort of regret, which render divine worship, in these temples, still more solemn.

RUINED PALACES AT FERRARA.

I went into some of these places, struck with the beauty of the architecture : there were neither doors, windows, or furniture ; but their stair-cases, their sculpture, and their colonades, still remained. Ivy, with its foliage,

had tapestried the sides of the walls ; it had crept to the top of the building, and, like the convolvulus, had surrounded the pilasters of the balustrade, which ornamented the top. On the terraces with which these palaces were crowned, some jasmines and pomegranate, left in vases, had, from time and neglect, spread about their branches ; they hung down, full of flowers, on the marble cornices, the former decorations of these ruined palaces.

THE CABINET.

From the Monthly Magazines, February 1820.

ANECDOTES.

“**W**HY did Adam bite the apple ?” said a school-master to a country boy. “Because he had no knife,” said the boy.

One of the Paris opposition papers has revived the following anecdote.—“A minister is sick. His colleague M. P. to induce him to take the medicine presented by the physician, said, “Take it, I intreat you : I’ll be hanged if it does not do you good.” “Take it,” added the doctor, “after the assurance that Monsieur has given you, you may be convinced that, *one way or other*, the remedy must have a good effect.”

TRAVELS OF THE PERSIAN PRINCE, MIRZA ABOUL-TALEB-KHAN.

(Reviewed from a French Journal.)

THIS Persian Prince, whose portrait still decorates the print-shops of the Boulevards, excited extraordinary interest during this late visit to Paris. Our ladies were all anxious to gain introductions to him, and they would have thought him the most charming Ambassador in the world, could he have been prevailed on to bring his *Fair Circassian* to the Opera. It appears, however, that he visited Europe on a former occasion. About twenty years ago, having unexpectedly forfeited the favour of the Persian Court, he set out on his travels, as it

were, by way of revenge. Prince Mirza had been betrothed to the niece of a *Nabab* ; he had been appointed to the office of *aumildar*, which signifies superintendant of direct and indirect taxes ; finally, he had been created a general, for in Asia, the art of levying taxes is very much like the art of war ; and in a great victory he had had the honor to kill a *Rajah*. In spite of all these titles to public esteem, he was hurled from his exalted rank ; but, instead of retiring to the country, or writing for the opposition Journals, as our disgraced European statesmen do, he bade adieu to the banks of the Ganges, and embarked on board of a European vessel, without caring whither he went ; and, as he himself says ;—“in the hope that some accident might put a period to his life and his sorrows.”

“Prince Mirza arrived in England. There he was enchanted by a thousand new objects. He forgot his political disasters, and observed and described every thing from Windsor Castle to the humblest cottage, from the English kitchen to the institution of the jury. England became his favourite country. However, the Oriental observer is far from approving all the customs of the three Kingdoms. The English, he says, have twelve vices or defects :—They are haughty, voluptuous, dull, indolent, cholerick, and vain ; they are atheists, gourmands, spendthrifts, egotists, and libertines ; and they affect a

sovereign contempt for the customs of other nations. But this condemnation is succeeded by an enumeration of the good qualities of the English ; which are, hospitality, delicacy, philanthropy, respect for their superiors, and above all, their profound respect for fashion. 'This arbitrary law obliges the rich to change every year, not only the form of their dress, but also their household furniture. A lady of taste would consider herself disgraced, if her drawing-room retained the same furniture for two years in succession. However, this extravagance encourages industry ; and the lower classes of the people may procure at a very cheap rate, those articles of which the rich are thus obliged to rid themselves.

"The English ladies particularly excite the admiration of the Persian Prince. He was enchanted with the beauty of their features, the elegance of their forms, and their graceful deportment : he styles them angles, celestial housis, tulips, and Damsine roses. He wrote Persian odes to the English fashionables, in which he compared them to the *toba* and the *sudrah*,—(no offence to the *Sheik* of Mecca,) and at length the poor Ambassador, the *ci-devant aumildar*, the ex-minister, and disbanded general, so far lost his senses, so far forgot his misfortunes and Mahomet, that he exclaims in one of his odes : 'Fill my cup with the juice of the grape ! I do not hesitate to forswear the religion of my fathers.' * * * *

"Judging from this poetical licence, it may naturally be supposed that all the admiration of Prince Mirza was exhausted on England. When he arrived in France, like an unhappy lover, he observed everything with chagrin and ill-humour. Perhaps some of his condemnations may be attributed to the effects of indigestion. Our *fêtes*, he says, gave him the *heart-ache* ; our meat was always dried and burnt up ; we are, in his opinion, barbarians in the art of cookery. The English excel in the pleasures of the table. But our ladies, our fair Parisians, displeased the Ambassador almost as much as our dinners. He had before told us, that they wanted the modesty and graceful

manners of the beauties of Britain ;—he now tells us, that they have the habit of painting ; that their head-dresses resemble those of Indian dancers ; and that their short-waisted dresses give them the appearance of being hump-backed. He examined them closely, in the ball-room, the theatre, the public gardens ; but not one ever made the slightest impression on him ; "and yet, (he says,) I am naturally amorous, and easily captivated." It was doubtless in consequence of these reflections, that the Ambassador deemed it adviseable, on his second visit to France, to bring with him a Circassian Slave, and thus to travel with a fragment of his Harem. Had our ladies perused this impertinent book six months ago, they certainly would not have clapped so heartily whenever Prince Mirza-Aboul-Taleb-Khan appeared in public. To say the French ladies are hump-backed, and to compare the English ladies to the roses of Damascus ; O, the abominable Persian !

"After such outrages, national honour compels us to close the book. We abandon the traveller to his fate :—he may visit the south of France and Italy ;—he may go to Constantinople, and relate his adventures to his good friends the Turks ;—in a word, he may finish his travels by passing through Mossoul, Bagdad, Bassora, and Bombay—we care nothing about him. We are only sorry to be obliged to confess, that the narrative is instructive and entertaining ; that the translation is executed with talent, and that the work has come to a second edition."

GUNPOWDER INFLAMED WITHOUT A SPARK.

From experiments made in the laboratory of the French Royal Institution, it has been found that if gunpowder be mixed with pulverized glass, felspar, and particularly with harder substances, it may be inflamed by being struck violently on an anvil, though faced with copper, and with a copper hammer.

CHINESE EARTHQUAKE.

A Pekin gazette, of May 2, 1817, contains an account of an earthquake

which occurred in the preceding April, at Chang-Ruh, on the borders of the province of Szechuen, on the eastern frontier of China. About 11,000 houses were thrown down, and more than 2800 persons killed.

HUMAN ELECTRICITY.

Dr. Hartman of Francfort on the Oder, has published a statement, according to which he is able to produce, at pleasure, an efflux of electrical matter from himself towards other persons. The crackling is to be heard, the sparks seen, and the shocks felt. He has now, it is asserted, acquired this faculty to so high a degree, that it depends on his own pleasure to make a spark issue from his finger, or to draw it from another part of his body. All this is so strange that it risks being classed with the reveries of animal magnetism.

PREMATURE INTERMENTS.

A melancholy instance of the danger of precipitate interment lately took place in the city of Pau. A man who had been deaf and dumb from his birth, went out to sup with a party of friends. Having drunk a great quantity of brandy, he became alarmingly ill on his return home; a physician was sent for who administered some potions, which however produced no effect. In a short time all signs of life ceased, the unfortunate man was supposed to be dead, and his funeral took place on the following afternoon. The funeral service was ended in the church, and the body was about to be conveyed to the burial ground, when a noise was heard in the coffin, accompanied by groans. The terrified mourners immediately stopped; the coffin lid was opened, and with horror they beheld the supposed corpse rise up. Medical aid was immediately procured, but it was too late: the cold and privation of air which the unfortunate man had endured while shut up in the coffin, together with the horrible sensations he experienced on his recovery,—all combined to deprive him finally of the life to which he had been restored. He survived only a few hours. —*Lit. Gaz. Feb. 1820.*

Q ATHENEUM VOL. 7.

LORD BYRON.

The house of a poor shoe-maker of Venice having lately been burnt down, Lord Byron, who is at present residing in that city, had the house rebuilt at his own expense, and presented the shoe-maker with a sum of money, equivalent to the loss of tools, furniture, &c.—*Ib.*

WOLVES.

On the road to Mont d'Or, a troop of hungry wolves attacked three carriage drivers, one of whom was torn to pieces:—the other two escaped. The wolves destroyed the horses belonging to the carriages.—*Ib.*

CURIOUS GALVANIC EXPERIMENT.

If the hand is applied with a slight degree of friction to the upper eye-lid in a darkened room, and the thumb thrust below the superciliary ridge, a vivid and highly luminous circle will be visible. To ensure success, the room must be perfectly dark, and the nail of the thumb turned towards the eye, a considerable pressure being employed on the upper lid while in the act of raising it.

POLITENESS.

At one of the German battles, a regiment had orders not to grant quarter: and an unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers. Touched with his situation, the other replied, "I pity your misfortune, and—ask any thing else but that, and upon my honour I will grant your request!"

NEW TRAVELLERS.

The French Journals state that M. Noel de la Moriniere, who is about to proceed to Lapland, will be accompanied by his son, a young officer.

Another traveller, the Chevalier Gamba, is upon the point of departing for Asia and the banks of the Caspian Sea, to fulfil a mission interesting to the arts and sciences; he will be accompanied by his son, an officer of cavalry.

Joseph Ritchie, Esq. who had been sent out by the British Government to make discoveries in the interior of Africa, and particularly to endeavour to penetrate through the Great Desert to Tombuctoo, and from whose labours great additions to Geographical Science were expected, died lately at Moorzuk, about 400 miles from Tripoli.

IMPORTANT INVENTIONS.

Important invention in Hydraulics....There is at present circulated in Paris, the prospectus of a new machine which, if we may believe the authors, will overturn all our present system of hydraulics. They engage to supply a small portable steam engine, which will raise the water to the height of sixty feet, at the rate of fifteen quarts per minute. The machine will consume no more than the value of one pennyworth of coals in an hour, to raise nine hundred quarts of water to this height. It will cost six hundred francs, and will last more than a hundred years. No payment is required till the engine has been tried, and given satisfaction: till it is fixed, and raises the water from the well to the roof of the house, which will thus be secured against fire. They offer, for progressive prices, machines which shall raise double, triple, decuple quantities of water, to double, triple, decuple heights, (i. e. 120, 180, or 600 feet, and this in infinite progression.

Newly invented Gun....A gun of an entire novel construction, was exhibited a short time back in the gardens of York-House, before the Duke of York. It weighs less than the common musket, though composed of seven barrels; one is of the common length, and in the same position; around it, at the breech, are the six others, of about three inches in length only. The simple act of cocking places each of the short barrels successively in complete connection with the long one, and that of shutting primes it; so that seven discharges may be effected in 30 seconds. It is perfectly safe and accurate, every part being so guarded, as to prevent the possibility of danger, error, or impediment, with great simplicity.

Mr. Pontifex's Patent Apparatus for raising Water by means of Fire....The very limited reading of many ingenious inventors of the present day, seduces them into a belief that every thing that has the air of originality to them, must be equally new to their fellow mortals; a more extended view of the scientific literature of the last century would speedily correct this mistake, and a very considerable saving of time and expense would be the result. These observations unconsciously present themselves from a perusal of Mr. P.'s specification which contains little more than an imperfect description of that stupendous machine the steam-engine. The first application of fire to the raising of water is unquestionably due to the Marquis of Worcester, though it is probable that he merely employed the repellent force of steam of a high expansive power for that purpose.

Captain Savary, who is the next candidate for the honour of this invention, constructed an engine in its effects precisely similar to the one of which Mr. Pontifex now claims the title of original inventor, and to which, indeed, Captain Savary's engine is in many respects superior. The Marquis, as we have already observed, merely employed the repellent force of steam, and to this Savary added the pressure of the atmosphere, by which he filled up the vacuum produced from the condensation of the steam, after it had ceased to operate by its expansive force. The latter part of this invention has been adopted by Mr. Pontifex, whose engine may be thus described:—

Two copper vessels made to fit air tight are connected by what Mr. P. denominates a suction pipe, the lower end of which is immersed in the well from whence water is to be raised: steam is then admitted through two small branch pipes communicating with the boiler, which is again condensed by the admission of a jet of water. A vacuum being thus formed, the pressure of the atmosphere is sufficient to raise the water about thirty feet, which is the extreme capacity of Mr. Pontifex's engine.

To WOLF BENJAMIN, of Plymouth Dock, Umbrella Manufacturer, for a Composition, varying in Colour, with a peculiar Method of applying, for the purpose of rendering Canvas, Linen, and Cloth, durable, pliable, free from cracking, and Water-proof.

To make a black....First, the canvas, linen, or cloth, is to be washed with hot or cold water, the former preferable, so as to discharge the stiffening which all new canvas, linen, or cloth contains; when the stiffening is perfectly discharged, hang the canvas, linen, or cloth, up to dry; when perfectly so, it must be constantly rubbed by the hand until it becomes quite supple; it then must be stretched in a hollow frame very tight, and the following ingredients are to be used or laid on with a brush for the first coat, viz. eight quarts of boiled linseed oil, half an ounce of burnt umber, a quarter of an ounce of sugar of lead, a quarter of an ounce of white vitriol, a quarter of an ounce of white lead. The above ingredients, except the white lead, must be ground fine with a small quantity of the above-mentioned oil on a marble stone and mullar; then mix all the ingredients up with the oil, and add three ounces of lamp-black, which must be put over a slow fire in an iron broad vessel, and kept stirred until the grease disappears; in consequence of the canvas being washed and then rubbed, it will appear rough and nappy: The following method must be taken with the second coat, viz. the same ingredients as before, except the white lead; this coat will set in a few hours, according to the weather; when set, take a dry paint-brush, and work it very hard with the grain of the canvas; this will cause the nap to lie smooth.

Third and last coat, which makes a complete jet-black, which continues its colour—take three gallons of boiled linseed oil, an ounce of burnt umber, half an ounce of sugar of lead, a quarter of an ounce of white vitriol, half an ounce of Prussian blue, and a quarter of an ounce of verdigrease; this must be all ground very fine in a small quantity of the above oil, then add four ounces of lamp-black, put through the same process of fire as the first coat. The above are to be laid on and used at discretion in a similar way to paint. To make lead colour, the same ingredients as before in making the black, with the addition of white lead, in proportion to the colour you wish to have, light or dark.

To make green.—Yellow ochre four ounces, Prussian blue three quarters of an ounce, white lead three ounces, white vitriol half an ounce, sugar of lead quarter of an ounce, good boiled linseed oil sufficient to make it a thin quality, so as to go through the canvas.

Yellow.—Yellow ochre four ounces, burnt umber a quarter of an ounce, white lead six or seven ounces, white vitriol a quarter of an

ounce, sugar of lead, a quarter of an ounce, boiled linseed oil as in green.

Red.---Red lead four ounces, vermilion two ounces, white vitriol a quarter of an ounce, sugar of lead a quarter of an ounce, boiled linseed oil as before.

Grey.---Take white lead, a little Prussian blue sufficient to turn it grey, according to the quality you want, which will turn it to a grey colour; a proportion of sugar of lead and white vitriol, as mentioned in the other colours; boiled linseed oil sufficient to make it of a thin quality.

White.---White lead four pounds, spirits of turpentine a quarter of a pint, white vitriol half an ounce, sugar of lead half an ounce, boiled oil sufficient to make it of a thin quality.

The above ingredients, of different colours, are calculated as near as possible; but as one article may be stronger than another, which will soon be discovered in using, in that case the person working the colour may add a little, or diminish, as he may find necessary.

The same preparation for wood or iron, only reducing the oil about three quarts out of eight, and to be applied in the same manner as paint or varnish, with a brush.

PRINCIPLES of ROAD-MAKING EXPLAINED ON MR. M'ADAM'S new SYSTEM.

1. *Forming the Road.*---The line being agreed on, the road must be formed, by breaking the natural surface as little as possible, and with no greater convexity than is absolutely necessary to carry off the water. For the general purposes of country travelling, twenty-eight feet is a sufficient breadth of road, with a declivity of three inches from the centre to each side; sixteen feet in the centre should be fully metalled with solid materials, and six feet on each side may be done with slighter materials; but, near to great towns, there should be thirty or forty in breadth of actual road-way laid with solid materials to the full depth. The water-courses on each side of the road should be so constructed, that the road-materials may be three or four inches above the level of the water in the ditch.

2. *Preparing the Materials.*---When stones can be obtained, they ought always to be preferred. They must be broken in small heaps, and in such a manner that the largest piece in the heap shall not exceed six ounces in weight; they will thus unite by their own angles, and form a solid hard substance. If the stones were all broken to six ounces, they would make a rough road; therefore, that size is assumed only as the maximum, and as the best criterion and check for the breaker; for, if no piece of stone shall exceed six ounces, a great proportion of the heap must necessarily be under that size; and, as this is indispensable to the smoothness of the surface of the road, it should be well attended to. The operation of breaking the stones should be performed in a sitting posture, with a small hammer, of about one pound weight in the head, the face the size of a new shilling, well-steeled, and with a short handle. After the stones are blocked out, the breaking may be executed by old men, and by women and children; and this should be done at the depôt, and never on the road.

When gravel is used for making the road, it must be sifted or riddled in the quarry till it be quite clean and free of earth, and all the large pieces must be well broken, as directed for stones, and in that prepared state the gravel is brought to the road. When the earth is of a quality to adhere to the gravel, it will be advisable to leave in the pit the small or fine gravel, and to use for the road only the larger parts which can be broken; for, while the breaking more effectually beats off the earth, the advantage is obtained, of having the gravel laid on the road in that angular shade which so much favours its consolidation.

3. *Laying on the Materials.*---A depth of ten inches of solid materials, prepared as above, is sufficient for any road. No large stones, or wood, or other substance, should be placed below the prepared materials, whether the bottom be soft or otherwise.

Broken stones should be laid on the road to the above depth at three different times, with light broad-mouthed shovels, one shovel-full following another, and each scattering the stones over the surface for a considerable space. There must not be among the broken stones any mixture of earth, or of any other matter that will imbibe water, or be affected with frost; and nothing is to be laid over the clean stones on pretence of blinding or binding.

Gravel, when made use of, should be laid on the road in light coats, not exceeding two inches at a time, with a proper interval betwixt each coat, to let the gravel settle.

4. *Consolidation of the Materials.*---A careful person must attend for some time after a new road is opened, to rake-in the tracks made by wheels, until the materials consolidate. If properly prepared and applied, they will in a short time unite themselves into a mass or body, like a piece of timber or a board, and will then form a smooth solid surface, which will not be affected by vicissitudes of weather; nor will the stones be displaced by the action of the wheels, which will pass over without a jolt, and, consequently, without injury.

5. *Repairing the Road.*---A road made on the above principles, will require no repairs till, by use, it gradually wear thin and weak. The amendment will then be made by an addition of materials, prepared and laid on as at first. The period which a road will last without repairs, depends on the nature of the materials of which it is composed, and the use to which it is exposed. Of all road materials, whin-stone is the best and most durable; lime-stone consolidates sooner, but, from its nature, is not so lasting; gravel is inferior to both, because its component parts are round, and want the angular points of contact by which broken stones unite.

All repairs should be executed when the weather is not very dry. Before laying on the additional materials, the surface of the old road must be loosened a little with a pick-axe, so as to allow the new materials to unite with the old.

6. *Lifting a Road.*---Where a road has been originally made on a wrong principle, the defect may in general be cured, by lifting and re-laying it. If the main object consist in the undue preparation of the stones, the mode of cure is this: Turn up the whole road four inches deep with a strong

pick-axe, short from the handle to the point; then, by means of a strong heavy rake with a wooden head, ten inches in length, & iron teeth about two inches and a half long, gather off the stones to the side of the road, to be broken there; but, on no account, on the road itself, agreeably to the directions already given. All the stones which exceed six ounces being thus removed, the road must be put into shape, and the surface smoothed by the rake; and then the newly-broken stones are to be replaced on the road, and consolidated, as already directed. When ten inches of clean stones are found in the old road, no new materials will be needed; and, if there be a smaller quantity, as many new stones should be brought forward and laid on as will make up that thickness.

A small space of road only, as two or three yards all across, should be lifted at once, and that should be re-laid before another piece is lifted. The complement of hands usually

required, is five persons; two picking-up and raking, and three breaking stones. The spring is the proper season for this operation.

Roads made of gravel, or of soft stones, do not admit of being new-modelled by lifting, neither will the above directions apply to the case of a road much out of shape, or in very great disorder.

7. *Management.*—So much depends upon the proper remedy being applied to each particular road, and to each part of a road, and it is a matter of such difficulty precisely to determine, in every case, what that remedy ought to be, that the introduction of the system thus proposed cannot, with any prospect of success, be attempted, without the appointment of a general surveyor, of respectable rank and character, and of liberal education, previously instructed in the principles and practice of road-making.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

Extracted from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Feb. 1820.

ON THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

IF we may judge from an article in the twenty-fifth number of the *North American Review*, which has just come into our hands, a great deal of wrath has been very needlessly and absurdly excited among our readers on the other side of the Atlantic, by two articles 'on the state of education and learning in the United States,'* which appeared some time ago in this *Miscellany*. The critic who has honoured us so far as to make these papers the subject of a very elaborate review, has not, we think, succeeded in pointing out any very important inaccuracies in the facts we mentioned; and if the conclusions at which he has arrived be rather more favourable than ours, we can only say, that we most heartily hope he is in the right, and we in the wrong. To prevent mistakes, however, we must inform him, that his suspicions concerning 'British Manufacture' are entirely unfounded.—The papers on which he has commented were altogether written by a countryman of his own—a young gentleman of very extraordinary talents, whose attainments, when he first reached Europe, did great honour to the trans-atlantic seminaries in which he had received his education—and who has now, we believe, returned to America, improved by several well-spent years of travel and of study, in a condition to

render important services to the common literature of his own country and of ours.

Our American critic complains, that the productions of American genius are never received as they ought to be by the people of England,—that a certain strange mixture of haughtiness, jealousy, and indifference, is manifested on every occasion when any American author forms the subject of professional criticism in Britain—while to our reading public at large, even the names of some men whose writings do the highest honour to the language in which they are written, remain at this moment entirely unknown. In so far, we are free to confess, that we think our countrymen do lie open to this last reproach. The great names of which we are ignorant, cannot indeed be numerous, for few American writers are ever talked of, even by Mr. Walsh or the *North American Review* itself, with whom we think people on this side the water are less acquainted than they ought to be. In truth, so far as we know, there are two American authors only, whose genius has reason to complain of British neglect—and with a very great deal of reason both unquestionably may do so—namely, Charles Brockden Brown and Washington Irving.

The first of these has been dead for several years; and the periodical works,

* See *Ath.* vol. 5, p. 129.

by his contributions to which he was best known in America during his lifetime, have long since followed him ; but his name yet lives, although not as it ought to do, in his novels. The earliest and the best of them, *Wieland*, *Ormond*, *Arthur Mervyn*, and *Edgar Huntley*, are to be found in every circulating library, both in England and America ; but notwithstanding the numbers who must thus have read them, and the commendations they have received from some judges of the highest authority, (above all from Godwin, whose manner their author imitated in a noble style of imitation ;) they are never mentioned among the classical or standard works of that species of composition. It is wonderful how much of thought, power, invention, and genius, are forever travelling their cold unworthy rounds between the shelves of circulating libraries, and the tables and pillows of habitual novel-readers. The works of Brown, and of many other writers, scarcely his inferiors, are perused day after day, and year after year, by boys and girls, and persons of all ages, whose minds are incapable of discriminating the nature or merits of the food they devour, without being read once in many years by any one who has either judgment or imagination to understand while he is reading them, or memory to retain the smallest impression of their contents after he has laid them aside ; while some fortunate accident not unfrequently elevates, for a considerable length of time, into every thing but the highest order of celebrity and favour, writings of the same species, entirely their inferiors in every quality that ought to command the public approbation. We earnestly recommend these novels of Brown to the attention of our readers. In all of them, but especially in *Wieland*, they will discern the traces of a very masterly hand.—Brown was not indeed a Godwin ; but he possessed much, very much of the same dark, mysterious power of imagination which is displayed in *Caleb Williams*, *St. Leon*, and *Mandeville* ; much also of the same great author's deep and pathetic knowledge of the human heart ; and much of his bold sweeping flood of

impassioned eloquence. There are scenes in *Wieland* which he who has read them and understood them once, can never forget—touches which enter into the very core of the spirit, and leave their glowing traces there for ever behind them. Wild and visionary in his general views of human society, and reasoning and declaiming like a madman whenever the abuses of human power are the subjects on which he enlarges—in his perceptions of the beauty and fitness of all domestic virtues—in his fine sense of the delicacies of love, friendship, and all the tenderness, and all the heroism of individual souls—he exhibits a strange example of the inconsistency of the human mind, and a signal lesson how easily persons naturally virtuous may, if they indulge in vague bottomless dreamings about things they neither know nor understand, become blind to many of the true interests of their species, and be the enemies of social peace and happiness, under the mass of universal reformers.—The life of this strange man was a restless and unhappy one. The thoughts in which he delighted were all dark and gloomy : and in reading his works, we cannot help pausing every now and then amidst the stirring and kindling excitements they afford, to reflect of what sleepless midnights of voluntary misery the impression is borne by pages, which few ever turn over, except for the purpose of amusing a few hours of listless or vicious indolence.

[The writer then extracts a passage from the *North American Review*, giving a more complete illustration of Brown's intellectual character.]

Washington Irving, as yet a young man, and who is at this moment in London—is a man of a much more happy and genial order of mind, than Brown ; and his works are much greater favourites among his own countrymen, than the best of Brown's ever were. He is the sole author of the *Sketch Book*—a periodical work, now in the course of publication at New-York ; from which numerous extracts have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and in many of the *Magazines* ; none of which, however, seem to have known from whose genius they were borrow-

ing so largely. We are greatly at a loss to comprehend for what reason Mr. Irving has judged fit to publish his Sketch Book in America earlier than in Britain; but at all events he is doing himself great injustice, by not having an edition printed here, of every number, after it has appeared at New-York. Nothing has been written for a long time, for which it would be more safe to promise great and eager acceptance.

The story of 'Rip Van Winkle,'—the 'Country Life in England,' the account of his voyage across the Atlantic—and 'The Broken Heart,'—are all, in their several ways, very exquisite and classical pieces of writing, alike honourable to the intellect and the heart of their author.

[The editors quote from one of Mr. Irving's sketches, the article entitled the Royal Poet, which breathes the very spirit of tenderness and poetry. It celebrates the moral qualities of James the First of Scotland, occasioned by a visit to Windsor Castle in which that monarch had been confined in his youth. The extract closes in the following beautiful manner.]

"Others may speak of the illustrious deeds of James as a warrior and a legislator, but I have delighted to view him as the benefactor of the human heart, stooping from his high estate to sow the sweet flowers of poetry and song in the paths of common life. He did all in his power to soften and refine the spirit of his countrymen. He wrote many poems which are now lost to the world. He improved the national music; and traces of his tender and elegant taste may be found in those witching airs still piped among the wild

mountains and lonely glens of Scotland. He has thus embalmed his memory in song, and floated it down to after ages in the rich streams of Scottish melody. All these things were kindling at my heart as I paced the silent scene of his imprisonment. I have visited Vaulcluse with as much enthusiasm as a pilgrim would visit the shrine at Loretto, but I never felt more poetical devotion than when contemplating the old tower and the little garden at Windsor?"

The style in which this is written may be taken as a fair specimen of Mr. Irving's more serious manner—it is, we think, very graceful—ininitely more so than any piece of American writing that ever came from any other hand, and well entitled to be classed with the best English writers of our day. There is a rich spirit of pensive elegance about the commencement, and every sentence that follows increases the effect. In some of the pieces of pure imaginative writing we have named above, the author strikes a deeper note, and with a no less masterly hand. He, too, has a strange power of mingling feelings of natural and visionary terror with those of a light and ludicrous kind—and the mode in which he uses this power is calculated to produce a very striking effect upon all who read with enthusiasm what is written with enthusiasm. He is one of the few whose privilege it is to make us "join trembling with our mirth."

POETRY.

From the Monthly Magazines, February 1820.

LINES.

BELLS toll for peasants, and we heed them not;
But, when proclaiming that the nobler die;
Roused by the grandeur of their lofty lot,
Musing we listen, moralizing sigh.
Such knells have now a sad, familiar sound;
Oh, that, which spoke worst woe to Albion's isle,
More unaccustom'd flung its murmurs round,
Chill'd the warm heart, and stole the gayest smile.
We cannot grieve alike o'er youth and age;
Thee, loveliest scion of the royal tree,
We mourn'd in anguish Time could scarce assuage;
We wept—and, oh! not only wept for thee!
Survivors claim'd the bitterest of our tears;
And we had sorrows, that were all our own;

We, who had cherish'd hopes for future years,
Too long indulged, too soon, alas! o'erthrown.
But thee, the age-worn monarch of these realms,
Thyself survivor of each dearest tie,
We mourn not with the sorrow that o'erwhelms,
But with the silent tear of memory.
It is not now the blossom in its prime,
Torn in fresh vigour from its parent root,
Scattering on vernal gales before its time,
The golden promise of expected fruit.
It is the oak, once monarch of the glade,
Which lives again in many a circling tree;
Itself, all branchless, sapless, and decayed,
Yields to its full completed destiny.
Thy sun was not eclipsed in sudden night,
But ran its course, and slowly verging set;

Preparing shadows had involved its light,
And stol'n the poignant anguish of regret.

To spare worse pangs than ever madness proved,
That friendly darkness of the mind was given,
That thou might'st never mourn the fondly loved,
Nor know them lost on earth, till met in heaven.

Yet lingering sadness in our hearts is found ;
'Tis still a pensive thought, that all is past ;
"Farewell," is ever of a mournful sound—
Part when we may, 'tis parting still, at last.

We thought not on thy life, nor mourned thy death ;
But death hath now recall'd thy life once more,
And the last pang, that drew thy parting breath,
Seem'd to our hearts thine image to restore.

We muse on all thou wert, and tears will start ;
When shall we see, so good, so great again ?
But wherefore ponder not on what thou art,
High o'er this brief abode of woe, and pain ?

Oh ! what a glorious change from dark to light,
From double darkness of the soul and eye,
When thy freed spirit spread its wings for flight ;
To thee 'twas death to live, 'tis life to die.

For thee ? it is to all, whose anchor'd faith
Enters beyond death's transient veil of gloom ;
But, oh ! how perfect was thy living death,
Who wert thyself thine own unjoyous tomb !

Those darken'd eyes no more obstruct the day ;
That mind no more spurns reason's blest control ;
Far from its ruined tenement of clay,
All eye, all reason, soars the happy soul.

Dull are those ears no more, but, raptur'd, share
Notes, far from earth's best harmony remov'd ;
But, oh ! of all the heav'nly music there,
Is not the sweetest, every voice beloved ?

Say, as the hour of blissful death drew nigh,
Did not around thy couch bright angels stand,
Reveal'd in vision to thy mental eye,
And sweetly whisper, "Join our kindred band ?

"Leave thy poor crown of earth, whose every gem
Was but the splendid covering of a thorn ;
For thee, ev'n now a brighter diadem,
Cluster'd with beams, by seraph hands is borne.

"That crown not less domestic virtues twine,
Than patriot faith, unsullied, unsubdued,
Which never purchas'd at ambition's shrine
A nation's glory, with a nation's good.

"Come ! where, beyond the portals of the grave,
The loved, the lost, to thy embraces press :
Come, where a Saviour, who has died to save,
Lives, loves, and reigns, eternally to bless."

January, 1820.

THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

ARRAY'D in nought but her own loveliness
She stands, a being of celestial mien,
Such as, 'tis said, the gods did once caress ;
In form—in grace, the type of beauty's queen.

'Twould seem that genius once, with soaring wing,
On nature's privacy had stol'n so near,
That, as her hand was sweetly fashioning,
A faultless being for some brighter sphere.

He bore the image in his eye away,
And, swift descending to his native earth,

With one impasion'd touch impress'd that clay,
And gave the paragon of beauty birth.
Canadgr Town, 30th Dec. 1819.

TO PRISCILLA LLOYD.*---WRITTEN IN MAY.

MY friend Priscilla, as in days of old
When Ossian's wild harp rang, the hero's breast
Felt the soft touch of sympathy, and knew
The spiritual accord of absent souls,—
So thou, my Sister, comest to my heart,
Soft as the beam which from the evening sky
Smiles on the face of nature. Oft at night
Do I from melancholy dreams awake
And think on thee. I know the bitter tears
Which thou must often shed, ere Peace enshrine
Her treasure in thy breast. Yet there are gleams
Of comfort here, though many storms of woe :
There are sweet calls of morn's rejoicing voice,
But there are many more departing days
Clothed in grief's interminable cloud.

Now Spring returns again ! then come to me
Gay thoughts of joy,—ah, hopes long absent, come !
The air is calm, serene and soft the sky,
Blue lies the water 'mid the swell of meads
That glow with summer hues. The oak assumes
A yellower green : the elm, and sycamore,
And trembling lime, a darker verdure wave ;
And many a shrub, in nearer view, delights
With various foliage, underneath whose shade
The tufted daisy and the primrose peep.—
Surely such forms of innocent delight
Should warm my breast, and when to these I bring
The memory of thy form, and mingle still
With nature's every charm thy valued love,
I were ungrateful did my vacant heart
Beat not with renovated thankfulness.
Sweet sounds, sweet shapes, and perfumes mild and
pure,

Solicit every sense, and thou the while
Dwell'st in my bosom.—Now, sweet girl, farewell !

* By Charles Lloyd, author of *Nugæ Canoræ*.

SONNETS ON THE SEASONS.

By Barry Cornwall.

SPRING.

IT is not that sweet herbs and flowers alone
Start up, like spirits that have lain asleep
In their great mother's fecund bosom deep
For months ; or that the birds, more joyous grown,
Catch once again their silver summer tone,
And they who late from bough to bough did creep,
Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,
And seem to sing of Winter overthrown :
No—with an equal march the immortal mind,
As tho' it never could be left behind
Keeps pace with every movement of the year,
And (for high truths are born in happiness)
As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear
And sees beyond the slave's or bigot's guess.

SUMMER.

Now have young April and the blue eyed May
Vanished awhile, and lo ! the glorious June
(While nature ripens in his burning noon),

Comes like a young inheritor ; and gay,
 Altho' his parent months have passed away ;
 But his green crown shall wither, and the tune
 That ushered in his birth be silent soon,
 And in the strength of youth shall he decay
 What matters this—so long as in the past
 And in the days to come we live, and feel
 The present nothing worth, until it steal
 Away, and, like a disappointment, die ?
 For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory,
 Flies ever on before or follows fast.

AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy now.
 Already have the elements unfurled
 Their banners: the great sea-wave is upheaved :
 The cloud comes : the fierce winds begin to blow
 About, and blindly on their errands go ;
 And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
 From their dry boughs, and all the forest world
 Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
 I love that moaning music which I hear
 In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
 Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
 And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
 Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more high,
 Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

WINTER.

This is the eldest of the seasons: he
 Moves not like spring with gradual step, nor grows
 From bud to beauty, but with all his snows
 Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.
 No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
 Before him, nor unto his time belong
 The suns of Summer, nor the charms of song,
 That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.
 But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud
 Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
 And with a tender footstep prints the ground,
 As tho' to cheat man's ear : yet while he stays
 He seems as 'twere to prompt our merriest days,
 And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.

LINES

Written at an Inn within sight of Consbro' Castle,
 Yorkshire. (*A scene in the Romance of Ivanhoe.*)

HERE lofty Consbro' rears his crest sublime,
 Tho' full of years, yet unsubdued by Time :
 As some proud chief, still destined to command,
 In feudal pomp o'erlooks the prostrate land,
 His ample form with vernal honours graced,
 Whose shelt'ring beauty hides wide Havoc's waste.
 The smiling Vale that peaceful rests below ;
 The gliding stream meandering in its flow,
 In fitful flash reflecting beams of light,
 As windings give it to the dazzled sight,
 Save when it wanders on its sombre mood,
 Beneath the margin of the darkening wood.
 The grey smoke wafted by the gentle gale,
 That scarce with motion stirs the slacken'd sail ;
 And nigh the splashing mill a mingled sound,
 Is heard to rise mysteriously profound,
 As if some dire Enchanter's magic spell
 Escap'd in echoes from his secret cell.
 Ofttimes upon the breeze soft notes ascend,
 But soon in harsher strains discordant end.

Vainly the passing stranger seeks the cause,
 In some portentous change of nature's laws :
 He learns that, fashion'd for the work of death,
 The cannon's bore is heard upon the heath.

The charm now fled, no more with placid mien
 Or soften'd beauty swells the sylvan scene.
 Old Consbro's awful brow thick clouds o'erspread,
 And angry seems to rise his time-crown'd head ;
 And as Imagination holds her power,
 She rules the impulse of the varied hour.*

* These lines were written, and many sketches of the sylvan scenery in which *Ivanhoe* is laid, were taken as singularly beautiful, by the artist from whose pen they came, many years ago. This shows how fine an eye the author of that romance has for nature, and how accurate, as well as picturesque, are his descriptions. Of the effect of this book, we could cite no higher instance than that of a gentleman, who after reading the account of the Tournament, and rising to go out, called his servant to bring him his helmet, instead of his hat. The general power of these novels has never been more highly and happily expressed than by a literary lady, who is so enthusiastic an admirer of them, as to say, "It is a happy thing to live in this age, were it only for the pleasure of reading them."

SONG.

Imitated from the Gaelic.

1.

'T WAS when the heath put on the bell,
 And birks in a' their pride were seen,
 And thousand wild-flowers deck'd the dale,
 And Nature smil'd to view the scene ;
 As on Loch-Laggan's margin green,
 Just as the orient sunbeams rose,
 I mused alone, a maid was seen
 Beneath the spreading hazel boughs.

2.

Her cheeks were like the *rowan** red ;
 Her neck was like the *Canat* fair ;
 Her eyes were like the diamond dew ;
 In gracefu' ringlets waved her hair ;
 With softest caution I drew near
 To gaze upon the vision bright—
 Perfection's self could do nae mair,
 She was a beam of life and light †

3.

She sang till Echo far and near
 Through all her rocks and caverns rang ;
 The soul of heavenly sounds was there ;
 You'd think 'twas Concord's self that sang—
 I like a lifeless statue hung
 On the celestial harmony ;
 And aye the burden of her song
 Was, "Colin, haste to love and me."

4.

While thus she sang I look'd around,
 And lo, a youth of gracefu' air
 Came o'er the moss with many a bound
 Towards the shade where sat the fair—
 'Twas Colin, and the lovely pair
 Embraced with ecstasies of joy—
 I wish'd them bliss for ever mair,
 And left them in their sweet employ.

D. M'PHERSON.

* The berry of the Mountain Ash. As the rose and the lily are uncommon productions in the mountains of Scotland, the Highland bards, who draw all their similes from local objects of Nature, supply their place with the *Rowan* and the *Canat*.

† The *Canat*, a plant abounding in the extensive mosses of the Grampians, &c. It has a slender stem, about ten inches long, which produces a tuft of snow-white cotton, about the size of a walnut.

‡ Literally translated.

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1940

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1944

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1911

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

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LOW POLYMERIZATION

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EXHIBIT 2 CONTINUED

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